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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6979, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dence, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss B. M. Donnelley, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs Adam Hempseed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

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REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 3, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

GEAN MCLEÓN, No. 161—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 239, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

Tax Rate Reduced.

As was announced in the MERCURY some time ago, the tax rate for the municipal year 1910 will be a flat $12 on each $1000, being a reduction of $1.00 per thousand from the rate of last year. This reduction is due, not so much to an increase in valuation as to a reduction in the amount to be raised by taxation. The council fixed the total amount of the tax between $595,000 and $605,000, while last year the amount of tax was $650,442.50.

The work of assessing the tax and figuring out the rate positively was completed this week, although it was known some time ago that the rate would be $12, or very close to it. The final additions on the assessors' books show that the total value of real estate found by them this year is $36,762,800 and the total value of personal estate is $13,349,900, making a total valuation of $50,112,700, on which the rate of $12 will bring a tax of $601,352.40. Last year the real estate valuation was $36,450,500, the personal estate valuation $13,592,000, and the amount of tax $650,442.50. There is therefore this year an increase of $70,200 in the total valuation and a reduction of $49,090.10 in the amount of tax.

Now that the work on the books is completed Tax Collector Higbee will be kept busy for some time in making out his tax bills. This will be a bigger job than usual for, by direction of Accountant Rex who installed the uniform system of municipal accounts, a complete duplicate set of the tax bills is to be deposited in the office of the city treasurer. And that means considerably more work.

Many of the summer residences in Newport have been opened much earlier than usual this year. It is expected that the death of King Edward and the consequent period of mourning and suspension of entertaining in England will result in more of Newport's summer residents coming here this summer.

The Newport Military Band gave an open air concert on Washington Square Tuesday evening in honor of the day that would have been 'Lection Day had not the capital of the State been removed from Newport by vote of the people.

Mr. John D. Dixon is at the Newport Hospital, having been taken ill very suddenly.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was a short one, but considerable business was transacted. The regular weekly bills and payrolls were approved. A communication was received from Mr. R. I. Gammell calling attention to the fact that Narragansett avenue near his residence is insufficiently lighted and suggesting that incandescent mantles be installed on the gas lamps. The communication was referred to Alderman Leddy with power to act. Several minor licenses were granted.

In accordance with a request from the Congregation Jeshuat Israel a resolution was passed fixing the salary of the janitor of the synagogue at $150 per year and of the assistant janitor at $200, payable from the Judah Touro Synagogue fund, these being increases over the present amounts.

Mr. M. P. Pluto presented a claim for damages against the city for injuries to his sewer connection which he claimed were caused by the steam roller. The claim was referred to the street commissioner.

Alderman Mahoney reported progress for the committee on the celebration of Independence Day, but with nothing official to announce as yet.

Bull Will Case.

The Superior Court for Newport County will sit at the Court House in this city next Monday, Judge C. M. Lee presiding, and it is expected that the session will be one of the busiest for a long time. The principal case of the session will be that involving the estate of the late Melville Bull which is expected to occupy a large part of the time. A hard fight will be made by both sides and a host of witnesses have been summoned to testify either for or against the will. Some rather sensational charges have been made in the Probate Court regarding the method of disposing of alleged wills and it is expected that this matter will be gone into deeply at the trial of the case. Much public interest is felt in the matter, but as a will case is usually long and dry it is not expected that many spectators will have a desire to sit in court throughout the whole proceedings. Eminent counsel will appear for both sides and it is expected that this will include several lawyers from out of town. The printed docket does not show the array of legal talent in the case, there being but one attorney of record, Judge Burke for the appellants. Brown and Harvey will represent the respondents and other counsel will probably appear on both sides.

The council committee on new police station has examined the plans for a new station submitted by Newport architects and has found that those presented by Mr. J. D. Johnston seemed to be the best adapted to the needs of the city. The plans call for a three-story building with all modern conveniences, at an estimated cost of $20,000. The committee has also held a conference with representatives of the town of Jamestown who object to the new station being erected on the present site.

Hon. Beekman Winthrop, assistant secretary of the navy, delivered the principal address at the opening of the Naval War College for the summer session on June 1st. The Secretary was received at the Station with full naval honors, the apprentice and marine battalions being turned out in his honor. While here Mr. Winthrop made an inspection of the Torpedo Station and other naval commands.

Assistant Factory Inspector George W. Ritchie, who was recently appointed under the new law providing for a proper inspection of bakeries and other sources of food supply, has been visiting various places in Newport during the past few days. He has notified dealers that they must keep their articles of food under cover and has also enlightened them on other points of the new law.

The weather of the month of May was about as cold and disagreeable as could well be imagined, and thus far in June there has been little improvement seen. The warm weather of March was apparently too good to last, and we are now making up for what we received then. An early spring in this latitude seldom brings a pleasant summer.

Funeral services for the late Mrs. Gardiner B. Reynolds were held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Cozzens on Sunday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Porter officiating. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

Col. Howard A. Stevenson and Mr. and Mrs. Braddin Hamilton have arrived for the summer at their cottage, "Hawthorne Villa."

Memorial Day.

Last Monday was very generally regarded as a holiday in Newport, most places of business being closed for the entire day. The meat and provision stores that opened up to accomodate the early morning trade closed before noon. All banks and government offices were closed for the entire day. The weather was scarcely all that might have been asked for, although it could have been worse. The rain held off pretty well until most of the events of the day were over, but it had appeared so threatening all day that it gave disquiet to those on pleasure bent.

There was a large number of strangers in Newport all day, and when the street parade passed in the afternoon the sidewalks were everywhere lined with spectators. Many came from out of town simply to see the parade for it is at last beginning to be noised around the outer world that Newport can get up a big military and naval parade without making any fuss about it. And the parade was well worth seeing. The boys from the Training Station furnished the largest number of any organization in line, and they looked and marched well. The Marines from the Station also turned out in large numbers and made a splendid appearance. The regulars from Fort Adams and Fort Greble of course were up to their usual high standard and the Newport Artillery and Newport Naval Reserves received deserved encomiums. The members of Lawton-Warren Post, riding in carriages, received the tribute to which they were entitled as the survivors of the greatest war that the world has ever seen.

The First Presbyterian Church was crowded while the exercises were being held. Rev. William Safford Jones, the orator of the day, made an impressive address, which was followed with the closest attention of all present. The musical numbers were of a high order of merit.

There were many other things going on during the day besides the Memorial Day exercises themselves. There were two games of baseball at Wellington Park between the Newports and Walthams, which attracted large crowds. Each team secured one game.

Joseph Stein died of lockjaw at the Newport Hospital on Thursday evening, following a painful accident that he sustained last week while exercising a horse for his employer. Stein was a groom employed by Mr. Prescott Lawrence and on May 24th while exercising a horse was caught in the rope and dragged for a considerable distance along the street. He was taken to the Newport Hospital where his wounds were dressed and everything possible was done for him. His recovery was hoped for until lockjaw set in when it was seen that he could not live.

Miss Helen Adelaide Murray, daughter of Mrs. John Murray, and Mr. Henry M. McGrath, an employe of the Newport post-office, were united in marriage at St. Mary's Church on Thursday morning, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's mother on Pope street. Mr. and Mrs. McGrath left in the afternoon for New York and Washington by way of Providence.

A pretty home wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. William Jester on Mann avenue Monday afternoon, when her daughter, Miss Emma Jester, was married to Mr. Albert Frederick Haas, the ceremony being performed by Rev. George W. Quick, D. D. After a wedding trip to Niagara Falls and other places Mr. and Mrs. Haas will return to Newport to reside.

Today will be tag day when a large number of children of the city, under the direction of older volunteers, will cover the city thoroughly in an endeavor to raise money for the benefit of the Newport playgrounds. The committee in charge of the affair consists of Miss Ethel K. Sime—Nowell, Mrs. Walter H. Langley, and Mr. Alfred G. Gatzenmeier.

Miss Margaret Sheehan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel B. Sheehan, and Boatswain James J. O'Brien, U. S. N., were united in marriage at St. Joseph's Church on Tuesday, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. James Mahon.

August Belmont was injured Thursday by being thrown from his horse while playing polo at the Meadowbrook Hunt Club. It is not yet fully known how serious his injuries are.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Lulu Goffe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Goffe, to Mr. Eugene Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Brown.

Mr. Andrew K. Quinn, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is rapidly improving, and will soon be on the way to complete recovery.

Wedding Bells.

Slocum—Brown.

Brookfield Farm, Middletown, was the scene of a very pretty wedding last Saturday evening, when Miss Louise Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Brown, was united in marriage to Mr. Abner Lawton Slocum, in the presence of an immense gathering of relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed in a large red marquee that had been erected on the grounds adjoining the house, at one end of which was a large platform adorned with palms and potted plants. The guests were seated in camp chairs arranged in aisles.

The procession to the altar included the ushers, Eugene Brown, brother of the bride, George B. Austin, William A. Peckham, Harry R. Lauders, J. Everett Benson, and Dr. Seth B. DeBlois; the maid of honor, Miss Pauline Brown, sister of the bride; the bridesmaids, Miss Kate Holland, Miss Lulu Goffe, Miss Marian Haire, and Miss Lilian Wheeler; the matron of honor, Mrs. Everett Clarke of Fall River; and the bride, resting on the arm of her father. McCloskey's orchestra rendered the Lohengrin bridal march.

The bride wore a princesse dress of white satin, en traine, the surplice effect being outlined with white silk embroidery and fastened with orange blossoms. Her draped veil was caught up with orange blossoms and lilies of the valley. Her only ornament was a chain necklace with pendants of amethysts and pearls, the gift of the groom. Her bouquet was of bride roses with a shower effect of lilies of the valley.

The bride was met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Col. Edward A. Sherman. Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of Trinity Church, performed the Episcopal ritual which made the young people man and wife.

After the ceremony the young couple received the hearty congratulations of their many friends, being assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Brown and Mrs. Lida Slocum, the mother of the groom. A buffet supper was served. The bride was the recipient of a large number of handsome and valuable wedding gifts, which were displayed within the residence. The bride presented her attendants with bar pins and brooches of amethyst and pearls, and the groom's gifts to his best man and ushers were amethyst stick pins.

Mr. and Mrs. Slocum took the Fall River line for New York for a wedding trip of about two weeks, and upon their return will reside with the groom's mother on Thurston avenue.

On the day of the wedding there were two noteworthy anniversaries, Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Brown celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary and Mr. and Mrs. John C. G. Brown, grandparents of the bride, celebrating their fifty-sixth. Both couples were the recipients of many congratulations.

Sands-Fullam.

There was a brilliant wedding at Trinity Church last Saturday afternoon, when Miss Marianna Fullam, daughter of Captain William F. Fullam, U. S. N., was united in marriage to Mr. Austin Ledyard Sands, son of Mrs. Frederick P. Sands. The church was very attractively decorated for the occasion, and the bright gowns of the ladies and the showy uniforms of the naval officers made a pretty picture.

The bride wore a gown of white satin with a long tulle veil and carried lilies of the valley. The maid of honor and the bridesmaids wore blue chiffon over pink with trimmings of white lace, and large black lace hats with pink roses. They carried bouquets of various colors of sweet peas.

The bride entered the church on the arm of her father who gave her away. She was attended by her sister, Miss Rhoda Fullam as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Julia Sands, sister of the groom, Miss Katherine Hynson McFadden of Philadelphia, Miss Kathryn Lawrence, Miss Jeanne Wallach, Miss Elizabeth Sands, and Miss Ellen Robinson of Baltimore. The ushers were Messrs. Dudley Morgan, Frederick King, Paul Roland Dickson, Thomas Powel, Harford W. H. Powel, and Harold Arrowsmith. Mr. Harold A. Sands was the best man. The ceremony was performed by the rector of the church, Rev. Stanley C. Hughes.

Following the ceremony there was a wedding breakfast and reception at the home of the bride on Rhode Island avenue. The reception was held in a large tent on the lawn, American Beauty roses forming the decorations. Peonies, American Beauty roses and twining vines were used to decorate the house.

The Newport Yacht Club house has been formally opened for the summer season, and the club seems to be in a high state of prosperity.

Mr. J. Frank Albro has submitted to another operation at the Newport Hospital.

Recent Deaths.

Hon. Sidney Webster.

Mr. Sidney Webster, secretary to President Franklin Pierce and one of the most eminent authorities on international and constitutional law, died at his residence on Harrison avenue on Monday after a short illness, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. Although he had not been in rugged health for some time, it was only about a week before his death that he suffered the paralytic stroke from which he did not recover.

Mr. Webster was a native of New Hampshire, being born in Gilmanton on May 28, 1828. He was a graduate from Yale and studied at the Harvard Law School, commencing his law practice in 1851. During the administration of President Pierce of New Hampshire he was appointed his secretary which brought him into close contact with affairs of state. His subsequent career in the legal profession was brilliant, and he was at times retained to represent the interests of foreign nations in this hemisphere. He also represented the great banking firm of Rothschilds in this country. He had produced a number of works of importance to the legal profession, those bearing upon international law being regarded as especially authoritative.

Although a legal resident of New York, Mr. Webster for the last few years had kept his Newport house open during the entire year and made this his permanent home. His estate, Pen Craig, on Harrison avenue was purchased by him in 1900. In politics he was a Democrat and was a member of the electoral college that cast its vote for Grover Cleveland in 1884.

In 1860 Mr. Webster married Miss Sarah Morris Fish, daughter of Hon. Hamilton Fish who was afterward Secretary of state under President Grant. He is survived by his widow and one son, Mr. Hamilton Fish Webster.

Funeral services were held at St. John's Church on Thursday and were attended by a large gathering of distinguished citizens. Rev. Charles F. Beattie officiated, assisted by Rev. William H. Vibbert, S. T. D., a former vicar of Trinity Church, New York. The remains rested in a plain broadcloth casket, bearing a silver plate inscribed with the name and date of death. The bearers were Messrs. Henry A. C. Taylor, Richard H. Hunt, Edward C. Post, Harford W. H. Powel, Henry Redmond, Admiral C. S. Sperry, and Admiral F. E. Chadwick. The interment was in St. Mary's churchyard in Portsmouth.

Mrs. John H. Sanborn.

Mrs. John H. Sanborn died at her home on Malbone avenue on Monday afternoon after a long and painful illness, during which her sufferings had been intense. Her family were with her at the time of her death, except her daughter, Mrs. Glen of Bellingham, Washington, who returned to her home a short time before, after having come to Newport some months ago to be with her mother during her illness.

Mrs. Sanborn was a daughter of the late James Henry and Jane Mansfield Taylor of Portland, Maine, where she lived until her marriage to Dr. John H. Sanborn. She was of a very kindly disposition and made many friends during her long period of residence in Newport. She was an active member of St. George's Church, and was president of Inasmuch Circle of King's Daughters.

She is survived by her husband, two daughters, Mrs. Mabel Glen, and Mrs. Everett I. Gorton, and one son, Mr. John H. Sanborn, Jr.

Funeral services were held at St. George's Church on Wednesday afternoon and were largely attended. Rev. George Vernon Dickey, rector of the church, officiated, assisted by Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D. Music was furnished by a special quartette, consisting of Miss Mary Leonard, soprano, Mrs. Sadie Bailey King, contralto, Mr. H. W. Rankin, tenor, and Mr. Gustav Bloom, bass. Mr. Charles L. Grinnell rendered the organ selections. The bearers were Dr. J. H. Sweet, Jr., Dr. H. V. Carrol, Mr. Walter A. Wright, and Mr. Peter King.

The committee on the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Convention to be held in Rhode Island the first week in September are busily at work perfecting plans for this big occasion. It is expected that the fourth day of the Convention will be spent in Newport, and that the President will be here also, which makes a great occasion for this city.

By the will of Miss Theodora W. Woolsey, which was offered for probate this week, the sum of $1000 is left to the Home for Friendless Children, the income from which is to be used in providing drives or similar pleasures for the children.

Miss Alice Frances Higbee, daughter of Tax Collector and Mrs. Edward W. Higbee, has returned from Washington, D. C., where she has been teaching during the school year.

MIDDLETOWN.

Aquidneck Grange has recently been presented with a handsome large American flag by its lady assistant steward, Mrs. Mary Chase Spooner. Since there is no flag staff at the town hall (although the subject has often been agitated), the flag has been draped upon the interior wall of the assembly hall above a portrait of Mr. O. H. Kelly of Washington, the founder of the Patrons of Husbandry in 1867. Through the interested efforts of Mrs. Spooner, two agricultural mottos, in green and gold (quotations from Washington and Daniel Webster), have been added to the walls, also framed portraits of Lincoln and Washington.

Upon sailing Saturday from Philadelphia for Germany Rev Edgar S. Brightman, of Cohasset Mass., formerly of Middletown, was in receipt of a "Friendship Steamer Letter" which included messages from his many friends in Middletown. In compliance with the winning of the Jacob Sleeper traveling fellowship awarded him at the Boston University School of Theology he is to spend a year abroad in graduate study. The fellowship is the higher honor to be attained at this institution. Following the death of his father here in March, 1906, Mr. Brightman although then 22 and in college, assumed the cares of the pastorate at the Four Corner M. E. Church which he carried successfully until the end of the conference year.

A revision of the 1906 directory published by A. E. Foss & Co., of Hopkinton, Mass., is being made by Mr. Edward T. Wise, of Middleboro, Mass., who is now canvassing the Island. The towns listed are Little Compton, Tiverton, Portsmouth and Middletown.

The subject for the meeting this week of the Oliphant Reading Club will be "F. Marion Crawford," with quotations from Julia Ward Howe. Mrs. Arthur R. Anthony, of the West Main road, will be the hostess. The Club is planning for an outing to New Bedford next week when they will be entertained by Mrs. S. Howard Bailey who removed there from Middletown this spring and who nevertheless desires to continue her membership in her home club.

The membership of Holy Cross Guild held an unusually successful strawberry supper at the Guild House Wednesday evening. The supper was in charge of Mrs. Henry L. Chase, chairman, and was especially good. The supply also seemed equal to the heavy demand upon it. Two crates of berries were used. About 175 people were present. In the course of the evening six dark oak armchairs were presented to the Guild by an honorable member of this order. They make a handsome addition to the furnishings of the Guild House and will be much appreciated.

In the death, on Wednesday night, of Mrs. Sarah Chase, Middletown loses one of its oldest residents and next to Mary Anthony (who is 87), the oldest woman in the town. She passed away suddenly at the home of her son, Mr. Arthur W. Chase, on Paradise avenue, after a week of partial illness resulting from complications although she was not wholly confined to her bed during this time. Mrs. Chase was born in Middletown Jan. 14, 1824, and was the eldest of six children, three brothers and two sisters, of Timothy and Zoa Maxon Peckham. Two sisters survive her, Phebe (Mrs. J. Lawrence Durfee, of Portsmouth), and Annie (Mrs. Wm. C. Langley, of Portsmouth). She was the widow of Daniel Buffum Chase, of Middletown by whom she had seven children. Of these four survive her: Frank Chase of East Orange, N. J.; Laura (Mrs. L. G. Chase) of Bristol, R. I.; Arthur W. Chase of Middletown, and Ruth (Mrs. Fred S. Overfield) of Cornwall, N. Y. There are also nine grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren, she having been very proud to have lived to become a great-grandmother. Mrs. Chase was a woman of sterling integrity, an earnest Christian, and of an extremely resolute and undaunted spirit. Her memory also was remarkable and she was keenly interested in all matters of whatsoever nature. She was one of the first to unite with the M. E. Church at the Four Corners and was its oldest living member at the time of her death. About a year and a half ago she sustained a fractured hip through a bad fall, and since that time has made her home with her son, Mr. Arthur W. Chase. Poor health this spring and the death of a number of friends of her own age caused her much depression of mind, her appetite failed and the end came quickly. She was always very determined to do for herself and her last act was to attempt to rise up in bed that she might not be waited upon.

The summer arrangement of trains on the N. Y., N. H. and H. goes into effect next Monday. There will probably be the usual summer train between Newport and Boston, leaving here somewhere about 6 a. m.

The ground is rapidly being cleared up for the site for the new Star Theatre and now assumes a very different aspect from that of a few weeks ago. The boot-blacking establishment is still on the job.

The spring convention of the Newport Sunday School Association was held at the Thames street M. E. Church on Tuesday with a large attendance.

Rear Admiral S. B. Luce, U. S. N., has returned from a visit to Vermont and was in attendance at the War College on its opening day.

Mr. James M. K. Southwick has tendered his resignation as a member of the Inland Fish Commission of the State.

Mr. Henry Clews has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Kentucky State University.

The Stowaway

By

LOUIS TRACY

Author of the "Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas."

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE LURE OF GOLD.

"PHILIP, I want to tell you something."

"Something pleasant?"

"No."

"Then why tell me?"

"Because, unhappily, it must be told. I hope you will forgive me, though I shall never forgive myself. Oh, my dear, my dear, why did we ever meet? And what am I to say? I—well, I have promised to marry another man."

"Disgraceful!" said Philip.

"Philip, dear, this is quite serious," said Iris, momentarily withdrawing her wistful gaze from the faraway line where sapphire sea and amber sky met in harmony. Northeastern Brazil is a favored clime. Bad weather is there a mere link, as it were, between unbroken weeks of brilliant sunshine. At her present pace the Unser Fritz would enter the harbor at Pernambuco on the following morning.

Iris, her troubled face resting on her hands, her elbows propped on the rails of the poop on the port side, looked at Philip with an intense sadness that was seemingly lost on him.

"I really mean what I say," she continued in a low voice that vibrated with emotion. "I have given my word—written it—entered into a most solemn obligation. Somehow the prospect of reaching a civilized place tomorrow induces a more ordered state of mind than has been possible since—since the Andromeda was lost."

"Who is he?" demanded Hozler darkly. "Coke is married. So is Watts. Dom Corria has other fish to fry than to dream of committing bigamy. Of course I am well aware that you have been flirting with San Benavides"—

"Please don't make my duty harder for me," pleaded Iris. "Before I met you, before we spoke to each other that first day at Liverpool, I had promised to marry Mr. Bulmer, an old friend of my uncle's"—

"Oh—he? I am sorry for Mr. Bulmer, but it can't be done," interrupted Hozler.

"Philip, you do not understand. I—I cared for nobody then, and my uncle said he was in danger of bankruptcy, and Mr. Bulmer undertook to help him if I would consent."

He turned and met her eyes. There was a tender smile on his lips.

"So you really believe you will be compelled to marry Mr. Bulmer!" he cried.

"Oh, don't be horrid!" she almost sobbed. "I cue-cue-can't help it."

"I have given some thought to the problem myself," he said, "and I appreciate exactly how well it would serve Mr. David Verity's interests if his niece married a wealthy old party like Bulmer. By the way, how old is Bulmer?"

"Nearly seventy."

"It is a pity that Bulmer should be a patriarch, because his only hope of marrying you is that I shall die first. Even then he must be prepared to espouse my widow. By the way, is it disrespectful to describe him as a patriarch? Isn't there some proverb about threescore years and ten?"

"Philip, if only you would appreciate my dreadful position"—

"I do. It ought to be ended. The first parson we meet shall be commandeered. Don't you see, dear, we really must get married at Pernambuco."

Iris clinched her little hands in despair. Why did he not understand her misery? Though she was unwavering in her resolution to keep faith with the man who had twitted her with taking all and giving nothing in return, she could not wholly restrain the tumult in her veins. Married in Pernambuco! Ah, if only that were possible!

"I am sure we would be happy together," she said, with a pathetic confidence that tempted him strongly to take her in his arms and kiss away her fears. "We must forget what happened in the land of dreams. I will never love any man but you, Philip. Yet I cannot marry you."

"You will marry me in Pernambuco."

"I will not because I may not. Oh, spare me any more of this! I cannot bear it! Have pity, dear!"

"Iris, let us at least look at the position calmly. Do you really think that fate's own decree should be set aside merely to keep David Verity out of the bankruptcy court?"

"I have given my promise, and those two men are certain I will keep it."

"Ah, they will release you. What then?"

"You do not know my uncle or Mr. Bulmer. Money is their god. I owe everything to my uncle. He rescued my mother and me from dire poverty. He gave us freely of his abundance. We have had our hour, dear. Its memory will never leave me. I shall think of you, dream of you, when, it may be, some other girl—oh, no, I do not mean that! Philip, don't be angry with me today. You are wringing my heart!"

"I shall never give you up to any other man," he said. "I have won you by the sword, and, please God, I shall never give you up! Not while I live! Why, you yourself dragged me away from certain death when I was lying unconscious on the Andromeda's deck. A second time you saved not me alone, but the ten others who are left out of the twenty-two, by bringing us back to Grand-pere in the hour that our escape seemed to be assured had we put

"WE REALLY MUST GET MARRIED AT PERNAMBUCO.

out to sea. We are more than quits, dear heart, when we strike a balance of mutual service. We are bound by a tie of comradeship that is denied to most. And what other man and woman now breathing can lay better claim than we to have been joined by the Almighty?"

The strange exigencies of their lives during the past two days had ordained that this should be Philip's first avowal of his feelings. Under the stress of overpowering impulse he had clasped Iris to his heart when they were parting on the island. In obedience to a stronger law than any hitherto revealed to her innocent consciousness the girl had flown to his arms when he came to the hut. And that was all their lovemaking—two blissful moments of delirium wrenched from a time of gaunt tragedy and followed by a few hours of self negation. Yet they sufficed—to the man—and the woman is never too ready to count the cost when her heart declares its passion.

"Give you up!" he muttered again. "No, Iris, not if Satan brought every dead Verity to aid the living one in his demand."

Coke, to whom tact was anathema, chose that unhappy instant to summon him to take charge of the ship.

"We're givin' Pernambuco the go-by. It's Maceio for us, quick as we can get there," said Coke.

Hozler was in no humor for conciliatory methods. He turned on his heel and walked straight to where De Sylva was leaning against the rails.

"Captain Coke tells me that we are not making for Pernambuco," he said, meeting the older man's penetrating gaze with a glance as firm and self contained.

"That is what we have arranged," said Dom Corria.

"It does not seem to have occurred to you that there is one person on board this ship whose interests are vastly more important than yours, senhor."

"Meaning Miss Yorke?" asked the other, who did not require to look twice at this stern visaged man to grasp the futility of any words but the plainest.

"Yes."

"She will be safer at Maceio than at Pernambuco. Our only danger at either place will be encountered at the actual moment of landing. At Maceio there is practically no risk of finding a warship in the harbor. That is why we are going there."

"And not because you are more likely to find adherents there?"

"It is a much smaller town than Pernambuco, and my strength lies outside the large cities, I admit. But there can be no question as to our wisdom in preferring Maceio, even where the young lady's well being is concerned."

"I see that, whether willing or not, we are to be made the tools of your ambition," interrupted Hozler curtly. "It is also fairly evident that I am the only man of the Andromeda's company whom you have not bribed to obey you. Well, be warned now by me. If circumstances fail to justify your change of route I shall make it my business to settle at least one revolution in Brazil by cracking your skull."

"Let me understand!" said De Sylva. "You hold my life as forfeit if any mischance befalls Miss Yorke?"

"Yes."

"I accept that. Of course you no longer challenge my direction of affairs?"

"I am no match for you in argument, senhor, but I do want you to believe that I shall keep my part of the compact."

"YOU HOLD MY LIFE AS FORFEIT."

"I'm goin' to 'ave a nap," Coke announced. "Either you or Watts must take 'old. W'ich is it to be?"

"No need to ask Mr. Hozler any such question," said the suave Dom Corria. "You can trust him implicitly. He is with us now—to the death."

Soon after sunset Iris reappeared. She walked on the after deck with San Benavides and seemed to be listening with great attention to something he was telling her.

When Hozler was relieved and summoned to a meal in the saloon with Norrie and some of the ship's own officers Iris was nowhere visible. He went straight to her cabin and knocked.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"I, Philip. Will you be on deck in a quarter of an hour?"

"No."

"But this time I want to tell you something."

"Philip, dear, I am weary. I must rest—and—I dare not meet you."

"Dare not?"

"I am afraid of myself. Please leave me."

He caught the sob in her voice, and it unmanned him. He stalked off, raging. While off duty he kept strict watch and ward over the gangway in which Iris' cabin was situated. It was useless. She remained hidden.

As Coke had told Iris she might expect to be ashore about 2 o'clock, she waited until half past 1 ere coming on deck. Despite her unalterable decision to abide by the hideous compact entered into with her uncle and Bulmer, her first thought now was to find Hozler.

Iris was thoroughly wretched and not a little disturbed by the near prospect of landing in a foreign country which would probably be plunged into civil war by the mere advent of De Sylva. It need hardly be said that under these circumstances Hozler was the one man in whose company she would feel reasonably safe. But she could not see him anywhere.

At last she hailed one of the Andromeda's men whom she met in a gangway.

"Mr. Hozler, miss?" said he. "Oh, he's forrard, right up in the bows, keepin' a lookout."

This information added to her distress. She ought not to go to him. Full well she knew that her presence might distract him from an all important task. So she sat forlornly on the fore hatch, waiting there until he might leave his post.

The steamer crept on lazily, and Iris fancied the hour must be nearer 5 o'clock than 2 when she heard Hozler's voice ring out clearly:

"Buoy on the port bow!"

There was a movement among the dim figures on the bridge. A minute later Hozler cried again:

"Buoy on the starboard bow!"

She understood then that they were in a marked channel. Already the road was narrowing. Soon they would be ashore. At last Hozler came. He saw her as he jumped down from the forecastle deck.

"Why are you here, Iris?" was all he said. She looked so bowed, so humbled, that he could not find it in his heart to reproach her for having avoided him earlier.

"I wanted to be near you," she whispered. "I—I am frightened, Philip. I am terrified by the unknown. Somehow on the rock our dangers were measurable; here we shall soon be swallowed up among a whole lot of people."

They heard Coke's gruff order to the watch to clear the falls of the jollyboat. The Unser Fritz was going dead slow. On the starboard side were the lights of a large town, but the opposite shore was somber and vague.

"Are we going to land at once in a small boat?" said Iris timidly.

"I fancy there is a new move on foot. A gunboat is moored half a mile downstream. You missed her because your back was turned. She has steam up and could slip her cables in a minute. They saw her from the bridge, of course, but I did not report her, as there was a chance that my hail might be heard, and we came in so confidently that we are looked on as a local trader."

He took her by the arm with that masterful gentleness that is so comforting to a woman when danger is rife. They reached the bridge. Some sailors were lowering a boat as quietly as possible.

Dom Corria approached with outstretched hand.

"Goodby, Miss Yorke," he said. "I am leaving you for a few hours, not longer. When next we meet I ought to have a sure grip of the presidential ladder, and I shall climb quickly. Won't you wish me luck?"

"I wish you all good fortune, Dom Corria," said Iris. "May your plans succeed without bloodshed."

"Ah, this is South America, remember. Our conflicts are usually short and fierce. Au revoir, Mr. Hozler. By daybreak we shall be better friends."

San Benavides also bade them farewell with an easy grace not wholly devoid of melodramatic pathos. The dandy and the man of rags climbed down a rope ladder, the boat fell away from the ship's side, and the night took them.

"Mr. Hozler!" cried Coke.

"Yes, sir."

"Is all clear forrard to let go anchor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give her thirty. You go and see to it, will you?"

Hozler made off at a run.

Iris recalled the last time she heard similar words. She shuddered. Would that placid foreshore blaze out into a roar of artillery and the wornout Unser Fritz, like the wornout Andromeda, stagger and lurch into a watery grave?

But the only noise that jarred the peaceful night was the rattle of the cable and winch. The ship fell away a few feet and was held. There was no moving light on the river. Not even a police boat or customs launch had put off. Maceio was asleep. It was quite unprepared for the honor of a presidential visit.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEW ERA.

A SWAGGERING officer and a man habited like a beggar landed unobserved at a coal wharf, moored a ship's boat to a bolt and passed swiftly through a silent town till they reached the closed gates of an infantry barrack perched on a hill that rose steeply above the clustering roofs of Maceio. The officer knocked loudly on a small door inset in the big gates. After some delay it was opened. A sentry challenged.

"Capitano San Benavides," announced the officer, and the man stood to attention.

"Enter, my friend," said San Benavides to his ragged companion. The latter stepped within.

The colonel's house was in darkness, yet San Benavides rapped imperatively. An upper window was raised. A voice was heard, using profane language. A head appeared. Its owner cried, "Who is it?" with additions.

"San Benavides."

"Christo! And the other?"

"One whom you expect."

The head popped in. Soon there was a light on the ground floor. The door opened. A very stout man, barefooted, who had struggled into a pair of abnormally tight riding breeches, faced them.

"Can it be possible?" he exclaimed, striking an attitude.

Dom Corria spoke not a word. The three passed into a lighted apartment. De Sylva placed himself under a chandelier and took off a frayed straw hat which he had borrowed from some one on board the Unser Fritz. The colonel, a grotesque figure in his present deshabille, bowed low before him.

"My president, I salute you," he murmured.

"Thank you, general," said Dom Corria, smiling graciously. "I knew I could depend on you. How soon can you muster the regiment?"

"MY PRESIDENT, I SALUTE YOU," HE MURMURED.

"In half an hour, excellency."

"See that there is plenty of ammunition for the machine guns. What of the artillery?"

"The three batteries stationed here are with us heart and soul."

"Colonel San Benavides, as chief of the staff, is acquainted with every detail. You, general, will assume command of the army of liberation. Some trunks were sent to you from Paris, I believe."

"They are in the room prepared for your excellency."

"Let me go there at once and change my clothing. I must appear before the troops as their president, not as a jail bird. For the moment I leave everything to you and San Benavides. Let Senhor Pondillo be summoned. He will attend to the civil side of affairs. You have my unqualified approval of the military scheme drawn up by you and my other friends. There is one thing—a gunboat lies in the harbor. Is she the Andorinha?"

The newly promoted general smote his huge stomach with both hands, and the rat-tat signified instant readiness for action.

"The guns will soon scare that bird," he exclaimed. As the dawn was about to peep up over the sea twelve guns lumbered through the narrow streets, waking many startled citizens. A few daring souls who guessed what had happened rushed off on horseback or bicycle to remote telegraph offices. These adventurers were too late. Every railway station and postoffice within twenty miles was already held by troops.

General Russo drew up his three batteries on the wharf opposite the unsuspecting Andorinha and endeavored to plant twelve shells in the locality of her engine room without the least hesitation. There was no thought of demanding her surrender or any quixotic nonsense of that sort.

As it was, every gun scored, though the elevation was rather high. The shells made a sad mess of the superstructure, but left the engines intact. Though winged, she still could fly. The second salvo of projectiles was less damaging. Again the gunners failed to reach the warship's vitals. Her commander got his own armament into action and managed to demolish a warehouse and a grain elevator. Then he made off down the coast toward Rio de Janeiro.

The sudden uproar stirred Maceio from roof to basement. Its inhabitants poured into the plaza. Every man vied with his neighbor in yelling: "The revolution is here! Viva Dom Corria!"

The one incident of a political nature in which the victors of the tussle on Fernando Noronha were publicly concerned was the outcome of a message cabled by Dom Corria while the smoke of Russo's cannon still clung about the quay.

It was written in German, addressed to a Hamburg shipping firm and ran as follows: "Have sold Unser Fritz to Senhor Pondillo of this port as from Sept. 1 for 175,000 marks. If approved cable confirmation and draw on Paris branch Deutsche bank at sight. Franz Schmidt, care German consul, Maceio."

This harmless commercial item was read by many officials hostile to De Sylva, yet it evoked no comment. Its first real effect was observable in the counting house of the Hamburg owners. There it was believed that Captain Schmidt had either become a lunatic himself or was in touch with a rich one. Schmidt was so well known to them that they acted on the latter hypothesis. They cabled him their hearty commendation, "drew" on the Paris bank by the next post and awaited developments. To their profound amazement the money was paid. As they had obtained £8,750 for a vessel worth about one-quarter of the sum they had good reason to be satisfied. It mattered not a jot to them that the sale was made "as from Sept. 1" or any other date. They signed the desired quittance, cabled Schmidt again to ask if Senhor Pondillo was in need of other ships of the Unser Fritz class, and the members of the firm indulged that evening in the best dinner that the tiptop restaurant of Hamburg could supply.

They were puzzled next day by certain statements in the newspapers and were called on to explain to a number of journalists that the ship had left their ownership.

Hozler, of course, had forgiven Iris for her aloofness, and Iris, with that delightful inconsistency which ranks high among the many charms of her sex, found that "Philip, dear," though she might not marry him, was her only possible companion. He, having acquired an experience previously lacking, took care to fall in with her mood. She, weary of a painful self repression, cheated the frowning gods of "just this one night." So they looked at the twinkling lights, spoke in whispers lest they should miss any tokens of disturbance on shore, elbowed each other comfortably on the rails of the bridge and uttered no word of love or future purpose.

Suddenly a lightning blaze leaped from the somber shadows of some buildings on the quay lower down the river. Again, and many times again, the sudden jets of flame started out across the black water. Iris, or Hozler, for that matter, had never seen a fieldpiece fired by night, but before the girl could do other than grip Philip's arm in a spasm of fear the thunder of the artillery rolled across the harbor, and the worn plates of the Unser Fritz quivered under the mere concussion.

"By Jove, they're at it!" cried Philip.

"Oh!" she gasped and clung to him more tightly.

Under such circumstances it was only to be expected that his arm would clasp her round the waist.

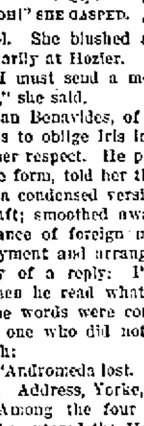
Hozler strained his eyes through the gloom to try to discover the effect of the cannonade on the gunboat. He was quickly alive to the significance of the answering broadside. Then the black hull grew dim and vanished. His sailor's sympathies went with the escaping ship.

"She has got away! I am jolly glad of it," he cried. "It was a dirty trick to open fire on her in that fashion. Just how they served the Andromeda, the hounds, only we had never a gun to tickle them up in return."

About 6 o'clock a grand review was held in the plaza, or chief square. Dom Corria, a resplendent personage on horseback, made a fine speech. He was vociferously applauded by both troops and populace. General Russo, also mounted, assured him that Brazil was pining for him. In effect when he was firmly established in the presidency the people would be allowed to vote for him.

"We have borne two years of misrule," vociferated the commander in chief, "but it has vanished before the fiery breath of our guns. We hail your excellency as our liberator. Long live Dom Corria! Down with"—

The fierce "Vivas!" of the mob, combined with the general's weight, proved too much for his charger, which plunged violently. Russo was held on accidentally by his spurs. There was a lively interlude until an orderly seized the bridle, and the general was able to disengage the rowels from the animal's ribs. When tranquillity was restored the soldiers marched off to their quarters, and Colonel San Benavides boarded the Unser Fritz. He invited Iris, Schmidt, Coke and Hozler to breakfast with the president at the principal hotel.



"OH!" SHE GASPED.

On the way to the hotel Iris saw a large building labeled "Casa do Correio e Telegraphia." It was not surprising that she had not thought earlier of the necessity of cabling to Liverpool. She blushed and looked involuntarily at Hozler.

"I must send a message to my uncle," she said.

San Benavides, of course, was anxious to oblige Iris in this as in every other respect. He procured the requisite form, told her the cost, which led to a condensed version of the original draft; smoothed away the slight hindrance of foreign money tendered in payment and arranged the due delivery of a reply. Perhaps he smiled when he read what she had written. The words were comprehensible even to one who did not understand English:

"Andromeda lost. Arrived here safely. Address, Yorke, Maceio."

Among the four people, therefore, who entered the Hotel Grande in the Rua do Sul there were two whose feelings were the reverse of cheerful. But convention is stronger than the primal impulses—sometimes it triumphs over death itself—and convention was all powerful now. It led Iris away captive in the train of the smiling and voluble Senhora Pondillo, and it immersed Hozler in a tangle of fearsome words which turned out to be the stock in trade of a clothier. The mere male of Maceio decks him-

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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Sundays, 8.50 a. m., then same as week days.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport via Tiverton, Portsmouth and Middletown, 6.10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the odd hour and half past the even hour until 10.50 p. m., then 11.16 p. m.

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Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Hyannis—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Provincetown—11.02 a. m.

Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

New Bedford—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02, 9.13 p. m.

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THE STOWAWAY

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

self with gay plumage, Philip was hard put to it before he secured some garments which did not irresistibly recall the heroes of certain musical comedies popular in England.

The appearance of Iris caused something akin to a sensation. The Dona Pondillo could not create English clothes nor bad copies of French, but

THE PRESIDENT WAS GORGEOUS IN BLUE AND GOLD.

her own daughters dressed in the height of local fashion, and Dom Corria's earnest request had made them generous. The dark eyed, olive complexioned women of Alagoas are often exceedingly beautiful, but few of those present had ever seen a brown haired, brown eyed, fair faced Englishwoman. Iris was remarkably good looking, even among the pretty girls of her own county of Lancashire. Her large, limpid eyes, well molded nose and perfectly formed mouth were the dominant features of a face that had all the charm of youth and health. Her smooth skin, brown with exposure to sun and air, glowed into a rich crimson when she found herself in the midst of so many strangers. The slightly delicate semblance induced by the hardships and loss of rest which fell to her lot since the Andromeda went to pieces on the Grand-pere rock in nowise detracted from her appearance. She wore the elegant costume of a Maceio belle with ease and distinction. If she was flurried by the undisguised murmur of admiration that greeted her she did not show it beyond the first rush of color.

Dom Corria, dragging Schmidt with him, hurried to meet her. Surprise at his gala attire helped to conquer her natural timidity, for the president was gorgeous in blue and gold.

"My good wishes are soon changed into congratulations, senhor," she said.

"Ah, my dear young lady, I am overjoyed that you should be here to witness my success," he cried. Then, as if he had waited for this moment, he turned to the assembled company and delivered an eloquent panegyric of the Andromeda's crew and their deusa deliciosa—for that is what he called Iris—a delightful goddess.

Hozier, though by no means indifferent to the good fare provided, was wondering how many hours would elapse before Iris' cablegram reached Verity's office, when some words caught his ear that drove all other considerations from his mind.

"I am sorry to say that, in my opinion, there is not the slightest chance of your message reaching England today, Miss Yorke," the president was saying.

"But why not?" she asked, with an astonishment that was not wholly the outcome of regret.

"The cable does not land here, and the transmitting stations will be closely watched, now that my arrival in Brazil is known. Even the simplest form of words will be twisted into a political significance. No, I think it best to be quite candid. Until I control Pernambuco, which should be within a week or ten days, you may rest assured that no private cablegrams will be forwarded."

"Oh, dear, I fully expected a reply today!" she said, and now that she realized the effect of a further period of anxiety on the Bootle partnership she was genuinely dismayed.

"You may be sure it will not come," said Dom Corria. "Indeed, I may as well take this opportunity of explaining to you and to my other English friends"—with the interpolated sentence his glance dwelt quietly on Hozier and Coke—"the exact position locally. You see, Maceio is a small place and easily approached from the sea. A hostile fleet could knock it to pieces in half an hour, and it would be a poor reward for my supporters' loyalty if my presence subjected them to a bombardment. I have no strong defenses or heavy guns to defy attack, and my troops are not more than a thousand men, all told. It is obvious that I must make for the interior. There I gather strength as I advance, the warships cannot pursue, and I can choose my own positions to meet the half hearted forces that Dom Miguel will collect to oppose me. In fact, I and every armed man in Maceio march up country this afternoon."

Iris by this time was thoroughly frightened, and Hozier, who read more in De Sylva's words than was possible in her case, was watching the speaker's calm face with a fixity that might have disconcerted many men. Dom Corria seemed to be unaware of either the girl's distress or Philip's white anger.

"You naturally ask how I propose to safeguard the companions of my flight from Fernando Noronha," he went on. "I answer at once—by taking them with me. The Senhora Pondillo and her family will accompany her husband to my quinta at Las Flores. A special train will take all of us to the nearest railway station this afternoon. Thence my estate is but a day's march. You and my other friends from both ships will be quite safe and happy there until order is restored. You must of course. The men's lives, at any rate, would not be worth an hour's purchase if my opponent's forces found them here, and I feel certain that one or more cruisers will arrive off Maceio tonight. For you this excursion will be quite a pleasant experience, and you can absolutely rely on my promise to send news of your safety to England at the very first opportunity."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOUGHT OFF DEATH.

The Respite Dr. Shrady Bravely Won For General Grant.

"You can see the conditions—General Grant is dying now," came Dr. Douglas' voice in broken tones. The Rev. Dr. Newman had knelt by the bedside and, holding one of the man's nerveless hands, began to pray.

"You see the preacher is busy, and the doctors ought to be busy, too," Dr. Shrady whispered grimly to his senior colleague.

"It would be a torment without avail," sighed the senior.

So there stood the medical code warding off succor from the dying man. The general must expire, perchance, because the initiative belonged to a man without any at the moment. Douglas must consent. Shrady must not be shackled. He turned again to the patient, leaned above him a moment and touched his pulse. He twisted the gray goatee in nervous twitches. Suddenly he turned again, ultimate resolve in his face, and tiptoed again to where his colleague was.

"I say, Douglas, something must be done. If this man dies here now, what can we say to the medical world? Every doctor on earth will want to know what and when were the last shots we fired. Shall we tell them that for ten minutes at the last, half an hour so far as I know, we stood idly and stared at a dying man?"

The old doctor stirred wearily and turned a hopeless and therefore helpless face to the younger one also; there was in its lines a touch of wonder.

"Douglas, it would damn us both eternally, and it ought to. Perhaps you can afford it, but I can't, either as a physician or a human being. Something's got to be done, Douglas. It won't do, I tell you."

"Do! But what would you do—now?" glancing pityingly at the family group and the slowly gasping man on the bed.

"Something, anything—a hypodermic of brandy first!"

"Oh, if you wish to try it—yes."

It had been enough. The code was satisfied. Shrady was filling the little silver syringe with the ardent liquor from French hillsides. Something was being done. Members of the family turned to watch. The manner of his doing somehow inspired them, and the older doctor, looking on, drew near. The left arm of the dying man was bared, the slender hollow needle found its way, and the potent brandy mingled with the blood.

The Rev. Dr. Newman had risen from his praying. Shrady was half kneeling in his place. Both by different means sought the same end. Keenly the younger doctor leaned to the patient. All his other senses had lent their powers to those of sight and hearing. The tiny instrument gleamed between thumb and finger of his still extended hand.

There was a [illegible] catch in the general's throat, followed by a half sigh. Swiftly a new look came into the face of each physician; swiftly the younger refilled the little syringe and hurried to the other side of the couch. Then through the right arm sprang the potent fluid, and again they waited the result—very soon a long, fluttering sigh; then a longer, stronger inspiration; then measured breathing and finally consciousness.

When General Grant lay dying that April morning the work on his memoirs, which netted his family one-half million dollars, was little more than half finished. He lived seventeen weeks afterward, finished his task and was ready to go.—Frank W. Mack in Saturday Evening Post.

Took the Hint.

A story is told of a certain English bishop well known for his verbosity who rose to address the house of lords on a very important occasion. "I will divide my speech under twelve heads," he said, to the discomfort of his audience.

The Marquis of Salisbury begged to be allowed to interpose with a little anecdote. "A friend of mine was returning home late one night," he said, "when opposite St. Paul's he saw an intoxicated man trying to ascertain the time on the big clock there. Just then it began to strike and slowly tolled out 12. The man listened, looked hard at the clock and said: 'Confound you! Why couldn't you have said that all at once?'"

The bishop heartily joined in the laughter which followed and took the hint contained in the story.

Not the Sealskin.

A speaker apropos of wifely sympathy said at a recent dinner in New York: "How hard it is when the wife is unsympathetic! Poor Jones trudged home through zero weather one winter night and, blowing on his frozen hands, said solemnly:

"'Well, I've got the sack.'

"'Oh, you dear!' his wife cried. 'The sealskin or the other one?'

"'The other one,' said Jones, laughing bitterly."—Washington Star.

Compensation.

"I felt so sorry when I heard your house was burned down, Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Hawkins.

"It was too bad," said Mrs. Jones, "but it had its bright side. John and I were both afraid to discharge our cook, but now that the house is gone of course we don't have to."—Harper's Weekly.

Supplying a Want.

Shabby Individual (to painter up ladder)—Hi, you're dropping your paint all over me.

Painter—Well, you're badly in need of a coat of some sort.—London Tit-Bits.

An Unnatural Conclusion.

Now she was ensconced with her sweetest and most cherished girl friend in a corner of the piazza, and I seated just inside the French window behind a massive rubber plant.

Rather significant vegetation under the circumstances, for, curious as to maiden confidences, candor compels me to admit I listened.

The bride in prospect cooed her bliss soulfully into her neighbor's ear, but through an opening in the leaves I could observe that the latter bit her lip now and then and did not appear enthusiastically joyous or congratulatory, as warranted by the occasion.

But the innocent cooing and amorous gurgling did not cease.

"And to think, to think," quoth she, "that such heavenly bliss as fell to my lot might have escaped me forever! Dear Bob! Did I ever tell you he had proposed to me twice?"

Then the unsympathetic auditor assumed an air of innocence.

"Didn't you hear him the first time?" she inquired with raised eyebrows.

She is not going to be the maid of honor.—Exchange.

Silly Billy From Bolton.

In a certain town in the north of England there is a man known by the name of Silly Billy. Not feeling well one day, he sent for the doctor. After examination the doctor asked him if he would take a note to the Model lodging house and he would give him sixpence. So Billy, not liking to refuse, said he would. But on the way there he came across a street sweeper that he knew. He told the sweeper where he was going, but he said if he would take the note he would give him threepence. So off he went and gave the landlord the note, and he found the following written:

"Give this man a bath and keep him in till tomorrow morning, and I will call and see him."

So the following morning the doctor came and was shown into his room. Looking at the man, he exclaimed:

"This is not the man I sent!"

"No, it's not, and I'll pound Silly Billy's head off when I see him!" the sweeper replied.—London Telegraph.

All Named Alike.

A certain Lord Westmoreland fell in love with the daughter of Child, the rich banker, who, however, would not hear of the match. The lovers in spite of this met secretly and kept their love alive, while Child complacently congratulated himself that his daughter had forgotten her whilom lover. One day, meeting Child in a club, Lord Westmoreland said, "What would you do if, like my friend, you were in love with a lady and her father refused his consent to allow them to marry?"

"Why, run away with her, of course," replied the unsuspecting Child.

Lord Westmoreland promptly followed the advice of the banker, who became so irate that he refused to forgive the young couple and, dying, bequeathed all of his vast wealth to their child, Sarah. In order to secure the wealth Lord and Lady Westmoreland named all of their six children Sarah, boys included.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A CURE AND A FEE.

Peculiar Experience of a Doctor With a Business Man.

In conversation one day about the peculiar views that commercial men sometimes entertain about professional services Dr. S. Weir Mitchell told the following story:

"A very wealthy man came to consult me about an attack of vertigo. He said that he had just returned from a trip to Europe, where he had consulted eminent specialists, but that they had failed to afford him any permanent relief. 'A physician in London, he said, 'asked me why I did not make an attempt to be cured nearer home. I thought on my way out west I would stop over to see you.'

"'Has any physician you have visited looked into your ears?' I asked.

"'No,' was his reply.

"I made an examination of his ears, removed some wax and a substance that appeared to be hardened remnants of cotton wool. I sent him away then and told him to come again in a day or two. He did so.

"'Well,' he exclaimed, 'I am cured. How much do I owe you?'

"'About $50,' I replied.

"As he drew a check he asked, 'Did you know when you first examined my ears that you could cure me?'

"When I told him that I had a very fair conviction that I could he said: 'Well, you are a blanked fool! You should have said to me, "I think I can cure you, and I will do so for $10,000—no cure, no pay." You would have got your money without a murmur.'

"'Oh,' I said, 'if you feel that way about it there are several little charities in which I am interested, and'—

"'No, no!' he interrupted. 'That is not business. I have my cure, and you have the price you asked. The transaction is closed.'"

A Better Position.

"Why did Dollarby sell his hotel?"

"He wasn't making money fast enough."

"What is he doing now?"

"He's luxuriating in the position of head waiter."—Pearson's Weekly.

That Boy Again.

Mrs. Boardem—I ordered lamb and you sent me mutton.

Butcher—It was lamb when it left here, mum.—Judge's Library.

Good reasons must, of course, give place to better.—Shakespeare.

Only Part of the Truth.

Ives—I saw Captain Deepeeres today.

Beers—Well, what if you did? Ives—What if I did? Didn't you tell me that he was with his vessel when she went down last week with all on board? Beers—Yes, but I didn't tell you his vessel was a submarine.—Chicago News.

THE CRASH OF WORLDS.

A Scientific Theory Concerning the End of Our Planet.

Credulous individuals who are always fearful that some of the ends of the world predicted by sensational prophets may prove to be true will find considerable comfort in the assertion of Professor Lowell that there is good scientific evidence for the belief that mankind will have many years' warning of the great catastrophe that is destined to put an end to all things on this planet.

According to Professor Lowell's statements, there is somewhere within the remote confines of space a great mass of matter—once a world, but now dead—that is hurling itself toward our sun. In time it is certain to reach the goal to which it is tending, and when the two come together the globe on which we live is destined to cease to exist.

Fortunately for our peace of mind, there is at the present moment no such dead world within dangerous proximity, and yet any day it may appear. Any day the morning papers may announce that one of these dark bodies has come within the reach of the telescope—that it may readily be seen by the light of the sun reflected upon it.

While it would then be certain that the end of the world was in sight, there would still be ample time in which to prepare for the inevitable. If the first view of the intruder was caught at the eleventh magnitude—it could scarcely come much nearer without being detected—it would not be until twenty-seven years later that it would become visible to the naked eye, and three years more would elapse before it appeared to us as equal in size to a first magnitude star. In two years and three months more it would have come as near to us as Jupiter, and by that time it would be far the brightest star in the sky. In fact, its effect upon the world would already be felt. Our seasons would change, and the days would grow longer. Finally, just 145 days later, those who were still alive would witness the beginning of the end. The stranger would not strike the earth, but would pass so close in its dash to the sun that the earth would turn and follow until together they would drop silently into the sun.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A GHOST AT SEA.

The Phantom That Boarded the Bark Sea Flower.

The following incident is recorded as a true short story by an English publication:

The Sea Flower, a bark of some 450 tons, was in the early hours of the 23d of June, 1864, bound for Bristol, England, under the command of the first mate, her captain, John Ellis, having been left behind at Kingston, Jamaica, suffering from "yellow jack." It was about four bells in the middle watch (or 2 a. m.) when the mate, who was standing near the binnacle giving the helmsman his course, suddenly became aware of a mysterious presence in the waist of the ship. At the same moment his companion clutched him by the arm, and, pointing, shrieked, "D'ye see him, sir?"

Before he could reply the mate became aware that the dark shadow he had just before observed had so far materialized that it bore the appearance of Captain Ellis. The figure of the captain advanced along the deck and disappeared slowly down the companion.

Recovering himself, the mate left the helmsman and hurried down into the cabin, meeting, just coming out of it, the second mate, who told him he had been awakened with a start after dreaming that the captain had come aboard and was calling him. Both men then made a complete search of the saloon and the other cabins, but, it is needless to say, without result.

Later it was found that Captain Ellis had died between 1 and 2 a. m. in the morning of June 23.

The story got about, and the ship obtained a reputation for being haunted; consequently a difficulty was found in obtaining crews, and in the end it was renamed and sold to a foreign firm.

The Fly on the Ceiling.

It is often a matter of wonder how flies get on to the ceiling, because to do so they have to turn a semisomersault in the air, said Mr. Henry Hill in the course of a lecture delivered at the London Institution. A fly, said Mr. Hill, has a backward and forward movement of the wings and can partly turn them round. In addition to the up and down motion of a bird's wings. That enables it to turn in almost any direction. At the end of each one of a fly's feet there is a white pad with about 1,200 hairs on it. Down these hairs are sent small drops of gum, so that the fly is really glued to the ceiling.

A Man's Pay For Her.

Mrs. Kelly—Are ye takin' much stock in this attempt that a lot iv the wimmen are makin' to get a vote for us, Mrs. Rafferty? Mrs. Rafferty—I ain't botherin' me head about such things. I'm satisfied to let Dinny and the boys do all the votin' for my family. But I do think that a woman should get man's pay. Mrs. Kelly—Well, I can assure you, Mrs. Rafferty, that I get one man's pay or know the reason why ivery Saturday night.—National Monthly.

Wouldn't Interfere.

"It's raining hard, my dear," remarked a man to his wife.

"Well, let it rain!" responded the lady snappishly.

"Certainly, my dear. That's really just what I intended to do."

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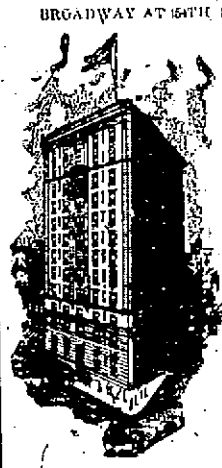

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

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Saturday, June 4, 1910.

If there is anything that the Providence Journal is adept in, it is the gentle art of lying.

We have the gladsome assurance that warmer weather is coming. So is Christmas. Let us hope that they will not get here both at the same time.

It is said now that the scientists failed to get onto the comet's curve until after they saw it go by. The man at the bat can do as well as that.

The Memorial Day oration delivered by the Rev. William Safford Jones was one of the finest of its kind ever delivered in Newport. It received marked attention from a large audience.

Kansas has sent out an appeal for twenty thousand "hands" to help harvest her enormous crops. The college boys of the land can find instant employment if they are willing to work.

Monday was the banner day for automobile accidents all over th country. In Rhode Island and Massachusets the number was numerous. Several persons were killed and a large number more or less seriously injured.

Anthracite coal is on the free list; the duty on sugar is greatly reduced, yet both these commodities are high in price. Of course the "wicked tariff" is to blame for it. If there is any trouble anywhere "blame it on the tariff."

Col. Bryan believes that the Democrats will choose a Western man as their candidate in 1912. By the term "Western man" the colonel must not be understood to mean an Ohioan, an Illinoisan, an Iowan or a Missourian. About as far West as Nebraska will suit the perpetual candidate.

When they try to put President Taft in a hole, they fail to find him in it. The man is so honest and above board that he has nothing to hide. His letter about the recent debate in Congress over his trips South will simply give him a stronger hold than ever on the people down that way, and, indeed, all over the country.

It is believed, according to Census Commissioner Durand, that the total population of this country will be found by this census to be close to one hundred millions. Of this number Rhode Island will furnish something more than half a million and be found to be the most densely populated section of the whole country.

If it is true that certain political leaders are urging Mr. Roosevelt to "keep in the background" when he returns, they might just as well stop their urging. He couldn't keep in the background, because wherever he is it is the foreground. The foreground does not make him; he makes the foreground.—Westerly Sun.

Roosevelt is certainly the unique. He can no more be kept in the background than a duck can be kept out of water.

The population of this State will show a large increase over previous censuses. It will, according to latest report, exceed 542,000. The representatives to be apportioned among the several towns and cities under the new census will be as follows: Providence 25, an increase of 13; Pawtucket 10, an increase of 8; Woonsocket 8, an increase of 6; Newport, Warwick and Central Falls 5 each, an increase of one each for Newport and Warwick, and two for Central Falls; Cranston 4; East Providence 3; Cumberland, Lincoln, Bristol, Westerly and Burrillville 2 each, which is an increase of one for each town except Lincoln which remains the same. The remaining twenty-five towns will have one representative each.

Theodore, the unique, the irrepressible, has this time given John Bull's government some advice. It may be good, but John Bull does not like it all the same, and the general impression is that the ex-President showed very poor taste, as well as bad judgment, when all England had assembled to do him honor, to tell them if they could not do better they had better get out of Egypt and let the Soudanese take care of themselves. Theodore Roosevelt evidently firmly believes that he can govern the world better than all the powers combined. It would be pleasing to many people at home if England would make him General Manager, Dictator, or any other kind of a ruler over Egypt or any other place that would keep him on the other side of the water. There is a general feeling that there will be a genuine, all-round, first class circus when he gets home.

Concise and helpful information for the man who is planning a summer vacation for himself and family is contained in the Manual of Summer Resorts just issued by the Passenger Department of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company.

The town of Bristol will get $20,000 and Narragansett Pier $50,000 for the enlargement of postoffice buildings of those towns.

That "Egg Lobster Law."

The attempt of the Providence papers to make great political capital out of the egg lobster law, so called, shows the greatest ignorance of the situation on the part of these papers or, on the other hand, a base attempt to deceive the people. Probably the situation covers a part of both attitudes. The attempt of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries, who are the creatures of the General Assembly, to dictate to the Assembly what they shall do, also seems to the unprejudiced mind to be somewhat of an assumption of power. The General Assembly created the law originally and authorized the appointment of a Commission to carry out the provisions of that law. If the Assembly sees fit to alter or change the law it is not for the Commission to try to nullify its action. The action of certain members of that Commission in resigning in a huff because the Assembly saw fit to put other duties on them is, the least that can be said, boys' play.

Now in regard to the "egg lobster law" so called. It required the Commission to have a deputy at Newport, Wickford, Block Island and Little Compton who is authorized (not compelled) to buy any (not all) egg lobsters offered at market price, take them to the hatchery at Wickford, remove the eggs and then dispose of the lobsters as they saw fit, or in other words to sell them again in the open market. Now this required no new officers as the Commission already had deputies in these places. It does not require them to buy green egg lobsters, any more than an apple buyer is expected to buy for his superior green apples. And the entire additional expense to the commission would be very slight. The statement of one of the Commissioners, as reported in one of the Providence papers, that it would cost from $10,000 to $15,000 to buy these lobsters is a willful misstatement of facts. Such a price would nearly pay for the entire lobster catch for the season. A careful estimate made with one of the oldest deputies in the business shows that between now and the time the General Assembly meets again in August the Commission would not under the law be required to take over two hundred dollars worth of egg lobsters. The law was intended for an experiment and the Commission were asked to test it between now and August. They were assured that if by that time it was found ineffectual or too expensive for the good the State was to get out of it, it could then be amended to suit the conditions or be repealed entirely.

The State of Maine has a similar law and has had it for years. There is no trouble about its operation. Neither need there have been here had the Providence papers not encouraged the Commission to attempt to make people believe that the law was obnoxious. There was absolutely no chance of graft in it unless the commission themselves sanctioned the graft. The law did not create any new offices and it did not dictate to the Commissioners whom they should appoint to fill the offices already created. The whole affair may well be denominated a tempest in a teapot.

Let the Tariff Alone.

Recent speeches in Congress have made very clear what the well-informed and the unbiased already well understood—that most of the charges against the new Tariff law are based on most flagrant falsification of the facts. There are three main objects to be accomplished by such a law, if it is to be in accordance with the fundamental principles of our economic system—providing revenue to meet the needs of the Government, protecting domestic industries that are in need of such safeguarding, and lowering duties on articles which can be imported with advantage to our own people. Every one of these objects has been accomplished by the present law. Revenues were falling off, but now they are increasing and the deficit is disappearing. Protection has been retained where most needed, although important modifications have been made in many schedules. And there have been many more decreases than increases in duty, with large additions to the free list. The result is that the United States is importing more than ever before, and that the proportion of free to dutiable imports considerably exceeds 50 per cent.

If this eternal tariff agitation is stopped business will adjust itself to the present conditions. All the country will again be prosperous.

According to statistics published by the "Manufacturers' Record," the value of the crops in the Southern states of cotton, corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, flaxseed, rice, potatoes, hay and tobacco in 1909 was $1,481,550,000. In 1899 the value of these crops was only $771,778,000. In respect to the value of these selected crops Texas ranked in 1909 second of all the states in the country.

Astronomers charge the comet with "infinite perversity." How thoughtless on the part of the visitor to treat all the scientific predictions with indifference.

Willingly.

He—I asked your father's consent by telephone.

She—What did he say?

He—He said, 'I don't know who you are, but it's alright.—Home Life.

"Why don't you teach your son a lesson by making him live without his allowance for a while?" "Goodness! I can't even make him live within it!" —Cleveland Leader.

Should Stop It.

Business men in various parts of the country—bankers, merchants and manufacturers—have been asked by the New York "American" for their views as to the cause and the cure for the depression that seems to have taken the place of activity in nearly all lines of trade and production. Most of the replies admit that business is not as good as it was a few months ago, and many expressions are to the effect that a feeling of political and economic unrest is among the chief causes of the depression. This has undoubtedly had more to do with bringing on the chill than all other causes combined. The country has worked itself into a state of nervous agitation, thanks to the insurgent orators and the muck-raking newspapers and magazines. No man can tell what the outcome is to be of the present anomalous conditions in the domain of politics. Renewed disturbance of the Tariff is anticipated and dreaded. Business halts accordingly, as it invariably does when Tariff reduction seems imminent. It would be a great boon to business if the President of the United States would discourage Tariff agitation in any and all forms and would definitely announce his purpose to refuse to sign any Tariff bill enacted either by Congress in the next four years. The pigeonholing of the Tariff commission scheme would help greatly.

R. I. State College.

Commencement week at the Rhode Island State College begins tomorrow when the baccalaureate address will be given by President Edwards. Tuesday will be prize essay day and Wednesday class day. The Commencement proper will be on Thursday the exercises beginning at 11 a. m. Ex-Governor Utter will deliver the oration; Subject, Stop a Minute. Governor Pothier will deliver an address.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., June 2.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent June 2 to 6, warm wave 1 to 5, cool wave 4 to 8. This was predicted to be the most important disturbance of the month and warning was given of dangerous storms.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about June 8, cross Pacific slope by close of 9, great central valleys 10 to 12, eastern sections 13. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 8, great central valleys 10, eastern sections 12. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 11, great central valleys 13, eastern states 15.

This will not be a very important disturbance. Its greatest force will be developed on the Pacific slope and in Atlantic coast sections. Most rain will fall from great lakes northeastward. Not much rains in the States west of the Mississippi and not much rain in southern states.

Third disturbance of June will reach Pacific coast about June 14, cross Pacific slope by close of 15, great central valleys 16 to 18, eastern sections 19. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 14, great central valleys 16, eastern sections 18. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 17, great central valleys 19, eastern sections 21.

This will be next to the most important disturbance of the month and severe weather will prevail as it crosses the continent. Some rains about and northeast of the great lakes but not much elsewhere in the states.

Some indications of too much rain for spring wheat in Canada during June. This, however, may not injure the crop as it will be in that state of progress when rapid growth is necessary. A little too much rain will be better than a drouth. These excessive rains will not cover the whole month. I am expecting a shortage of rain in the cotton belt and in Cuba during June except at a few points near the coasts. Precipitation will be from about to above normal on the Virginia and Carolina coasts and in the vicinity of Houston. Some heavy rains will occur about the great lakes. In some sections serious drouth will prevail.

Temperatures of June will average much above normal and—where moisture is sufficient—this will make ideal corn and oats weather. But in those places where rainfall is deficient the hot weather of June will hurt the crops.

There are two prominent features or conditions that radically affect market prices, particularly during the summer months. Crop weather is one of these and must always be reckoned with. The other comes from the manipulations of the great speculators. They are somewhat difficult to understand but a long experience enables us to follow their tracks fairly well. One potent influence with these great speculators is the fact that American grain has been too high for foreign markets. This has prevented exportation. The big speculators want an outlet for their grain and therefore they have made a long strenuous bear campaign to get our price down to where grain can be shipped abroad. I saw this months ago and advised readers of these bulletins that a bear campaign on grain was coming.

A Sense of Security.

"Aren't you afraid the comet will hit the earth?" asked the timid man.

"No," replied Mr. Sirius Barker, "After experimenting with a golf ball I've come to the conclusion that a little spherical object like the earth is pretty safe. Even if the comet tried to hit it it would probably fozzle."—Washington Star.

"You say she is no longer editor of the Women's Corner?" "No. She wrote so many articles on how to make over last year's hats that her readers began to suspect she was a man."—Puck.

"The Grovers have lost their cook." "What was the matter?" Grover listed himself as the head of the family when the census man was there."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Vicar—And what induced you to send for me, Mr. Russell? Russell—What's 'e say, Betty? Betty—'E says: "What the deuce did you send for 'im for?"—M. A. P.

Washington Matters.

Southern Democrats Hold up President's Appropriation for Travelling Expenses—The Proposed International Exposition—Bringing Offenders to Justice.—Notes.

Washington, D. C., June 2, 1910.
(From Our Regular Correspondent).

The lower House of Congress was this week the scene of an ugly episode brought about by an effort of the Republicans under the leadership of Mr. Tawney to secure a deficiency appropriation for President Taft's travelling expenses. Some Southern Democrats opposed the appropriation when Mr. Tawney came back at them with the taunt that they had invited the President to their States, accepted his hospitality, ridden on his special train, eaten, drank and smoked, and now grudged a small appropriation. Mr. Tawney made some slurring remarks about vaunted "Southern hospitality," to which a number of Southern members replied with great heat. That the episode is deplored at the White House is shown by a letter today from the President to Mr. Tawney, which he has made public. The President concludes his letter to Mr. Tawney with the words: "In all my experience—and I have enjoyed the hospitality of many sections and countries of the world—I never had a more cordial, generous, open and lavish welcome than I had in the Southern cities during my trip and the slightest hint that put me in the attitude of a critic of that hospitality gives me great pain." (Note:—Although our correspondent for some unknown reason sees fit to try to put the blame for this unpleasant episode upon the Republicans, the action of the Democratic Congressmen has been strongly censured by the people of their own districts in public meetings called for the purpose. They felt it understood that the action taken by their Congressmen in refusing unanimous consent to the motion to make immediately available next year's appropriation for travelling expenses for the President, was in no sense the action of the Southern people.—Ed.)

The Governor of the state of Louisiana, the mayor of New Orleans and a number of mayors of other Southern cities, accompanied by the legislature of Louisiana, have been in Washington during the week, urging the merits of New Orleans as a site for the International Exposition in 1915. This delegation has received much official and social attention in its junket to Washington. They have been welcomed both at the capitol and the White House and have had an excursion to Mt. Vernon. They have been heard by the House and Senate Committees on Industrial Expositions. At the conclusion of the hearing, the House chairman said he had been informed that Washington City also wished to be heard and asked if there were any advocates of Washington in the audience. There appeared to be no one present at that time to speak for the capital of the United States, but Senator Gallinger on the same day introduced in the Senate a resolution authorizing the holding of the Exposition in the National Capital. His resolution was identical with that of Representative Moore in the House, recommending Washington as the proper locale for the celebration of this national and international, long looked-for event. There will be no action during the present session of Congress, but it is probable that the matter will be taken up early on the assembling of Congress next December.

Your readers will doubtless remember the desire expressed by the President of the United States in a number of his public addresses for such changes in criminal law as will more directly bring offenders to justice and more effectually secure their punishment in the interest of repressing crime. The average American citizen does not fully realize the relative status of his country in the criminal annals of the world. An eminent authority on the subject of criminology has recently written that "homicidal crime has increased 45 per cent. in the United States since 1880, thereby the ratio of convictions is less than 10 per cent. The ratio of convictions in Germany is 95 per cent. Bar Russia, homicidal crime in the United States exceeds the total of that of any ten civilized nations. It is estimated that 850,000 in the United States whom the law does not touch, choose and pursue criminal careers. The national debt is $964,000,000; the national cost of crime is $1,878,000,000." It is common for us to hear from the pulpit and from the platform that ignorance is the cause of crime. It is incontestable that the American people pay more money for education than any other two countries in the world. Judged by this test, we are the most savage people in Christendom.

There was considerable interest shown this week in the lower House of Congress over a provision in the Sundry Civil Bill, appropriating for the support of soldiers' homes. Mr. Kelliher of Massachusetts, Bartholt of Missouri and Stafford of Wisconsin, tried very hard to have the canteen restored at these soldiers' homes. Congress, however, refused to readmit the canteen. Mr. Sims of Tennessee made a fervid speech against the canteen in the homes and in the army, and was cheered by members of the Sunday School Convention in the House galleries.

Big Cargo, Little Ship.

An old official of the navy tells the following story of a conversation he heard between two old sailors:

"It was a rat ship I was sailin' in that trip," said one of the shellbacks "one of the dingdest rat ships I ever knew. They was rats in it from bow to stern, rats in the hold, in the galley, in the steerage, in the fo'castle, in the old man's room—everywhere rats nothin' but.

"Bimeby it got so bad we had to put in an' get them off. So we hooked up to a dock an' fumigated. I was on deck, an' I saw them rats leavin'. I counted 'em. They was 15,000,000 of 'em."

"Fifteen million?" asked the other. "Ain't that a lot o' rats? Are you sure?"

"Sure! Yes, I'm sure. They was 15,000,000 rats, and I counted 'em. More than that, every rat weighed half a pound. They was big, fat, sassy ones, I'm tellin'."

"Fifteen million rats, and every one weighed half a pound, and they all came off your ship. That's 7,500,000 pounds of rats. Say, Jim, what was the tonnage of that ship?"

"Oh, about a hundred and fifty tons." —Judge.

A Clumsy Compliment.

She (to partner claiming first dance) —You are an early bird, Mr. Glossinest. He (gallantly)—Yes; and, by Jove, I've caught the worm!—London M. A. P.

PEACE COMMISSION FAVORED BY TAFT

Intends to Make Roosevelt Chairman of Proposed Body

Washington, June 3.—President Taft has decided to appoint Theodore Roosevelt as the head of a peace commission, the duty of which will be to work for universal peace.

This was disclosed at a meeting of the house committee on foreign affairs. Representative Bennet (N. Y.), a member of the committee, was authorized to combine his resolution providing for a peace commission with a similar measure introduced by Representative Bartholdt (Mo.).

The duty of the commission will be "to consider the expediency of utilizing existing international agencies for the purpose of limiting the armaments of the nations of the world by international agreement and of constituting the combined navies of the world an international force for the preservation of universal peace."

President Taft is in favor of the legislation, and he has already made up his mind to make Roosevelt chairman of the commission.

PLANNING A SHAKEUP

Ballinger to Make Changes, Even if He is to Quit Cabinet

Washington, June 3.—Secretary Ballinger is expected to make important moves before long toward a general reorganization of some of the bureaus of his department. It has long been known that Frederick H. Newell of Massachusetts, chief of the reclamation service, is slated for removal.

Opinions vary as to whether or not Ballinger will remain in the cabinet after the Nelson investigating committee has made its report. His friends say that if he is permitted to remain and work out his own ideas without hindrance, he will accomplish results which never could have been achieved had the enthusiastic but "quite impractical" Pinchot remained a power in the government.

Others not so close to Ballinger believe he will quit the government service at the earliest possible moment, but that he will make many important changes in heads of divisions before he goes.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

JUNE 1910 — STANDARD TIME

		Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve
4	Sat	4 30	7 25	2 33	4 40	6 03
5	Sun	4 30	7 27	3 0	5 32	6 50
6	Mon	4 29	7 27	3 33	6 21	8 33
7	Tues	4 29	7 28	sets	7 12	7 28
8	Wed	4 29	7 29	9 12	8 01	8 19
9	Thurs	4 28	7 30	10 19	8 53	9 12
10	Fri	4 28	7 30	10 53	9 48	10 04

New Moon, 7th day, 8h. 10m., morning
First Quarter 14th day, 11h. 0m. morning
Full Moon 22d day, 8h. 12m., evening
Last Quarter, 29th day, 11h. 30m., evening

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1887.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Deaths.

In this city, 28th ult., Frances T., widow of Jeremiah Baldwin, aged 83 years.

In this city, 30th ult., at his residence, 49 Warner street, Stephen Slocum, aged 80 years.

At Pen Craig, Newport, R. I., on Monday May 30, 1910, Sidney Webster, aged 82 years.

In this city, 30th ult., Elizabeth Taylor, wife of Doctor John H. Sanborn.

In this city, 1st inst., at her residence, 12 Dixon street, Eliza, widow of Martin Burton.

In Middletown, 1st inst., Sarah P., widow of David B. Chase, age 88 years.

In Little Compton, 31st ult., Joseph A. Wilcox, in his 70th year.

At Hyannis-port, Mass., suddenly, May 31th, William Sheldon, youngest child of George Ide and Bertha A. B. Malcom and grandson of the late Rev. Charles Howard Malcom of this city, aged 12 years.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 cents

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

CHARLES HENRY TREAT

He Succumbs Shortly After Being Stricken

TREAT DIES SUDDENLY

Former Treasurer of United States Is Stricken With Apoplexy

New York, June 1.—Charles H. Treat, until a few months ago treasurer of the United States, to which position he was appointed by President Roosevelt, died of apoplexy in his apartments at the Hotel Victoria. He was stricken an hour before his death, and did not regain consciousness.

Mr. Treat was born in Frankfort, Me., 68 years ago and was a descendant of an old New England family. Among his ancestors were Robert Treat Paine, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Robert Treat, a colonial governor of Connecticut.

When he resigned his post as treasurer Treat gave as his reason private business which demanded his attention. He was interested in several mining and navigation companies. He is survived by his widow and two daughters.

BOSTON RANKS AS MOST PIOUS CITY

There Are 32,936,445 Church Members in the United States

Washington, June 1.—Boston leads all the big cities of the country in the number of church attendance. More than 60 percent of its people are communicants.

The aggregate number of communicants or members of all religious denominations in continental United States for 1906 was 32,936,445, according to the United States census of religious bodies. Of this grand total the various Protestant bodies reported 20,287,742 and the Roman Catholic church 12,679,142.

Of the Protestant communicants, according to the report, 80.6 percent were outside the principal cities of the country. Of the Catholics 27.9 percent were in the cities of the first class, these having a population of more than 300,000.

In the five leading cities the proportion of communicants to population was: New York, 44.7 percent, Chicago 40.7 percent, Philadelphia 33.8 percent, Boston 62.6 percent, St. Louis 46.6 percent.

TAFT AT BRYN MAWR

Tells Girls That Home and Family Bring Highest Happiness

Philadelphia, June 3.—President Taft told the graduating class of young women at Bryn Mawr college that he favored the higher education of women, and said that he utterly dissented from the suggestion that higher education rather unfits them for the duties of a wife and mother.

The president added that he was ready to concede that marriage and motherhood are a normal status for woman, and, other things being equal, she is happier in that condition than in any other; but, Mr. Taft added, life is not a failure because a woman has not married.

One of the great advantages of the higher education for a woman, he said, is the independence that it gives her in the choice of the kind of life which she is to lead.

$12,000,000 LAND DEAL

Belt In Oregon Eight Hundred Miles Long Bought by Corporation

St. Paul, June 3.—Transfers have been completed in New York by means of which a St. Paul land corporation, with $12,000,000 capital, closes the largest land deal ever made in America, obtaining title to 800,000 acres in central Oregon.

This immense tract is transferred entire and represents a belt 800 miles in length, and of varying width. Of the total, 600,000 acres is rich agricultural land, much of which will be improved under irrigation, and 140,000 acres is heavily timbered, containing 4,500,000,000 feet of standing pine, fir and cedar. The land transferred includes some of the richest districts in Oregon and will be developed and settled at once.

August Belmont Thrown From Horse

New York, June 3.—August Belmont was thrown from his horse while playing polo at the Meadowbrook Hunt club. At his house it is said that he was only badly shaken up, and that he will be about his business as usual in a day or so. At the Meadowbrook club it is said that he broke a wrist.

LOST LAURELS ARE REGAINED

English Aviator Surpasses the Feats of Frenchman

DOUBLE FLIGHT OVER CHANNEL

Round Trip Made at Speed Which Distances Torpedo Boat Destroyers—Joy-Maddened Crowd Gives Rolls a Tremendous Ovation When Airship Settles at Completion of Last Leg of Daring Trip

Dover, Eng., June 3.—C. S. Rolls, the English aviator, last evening surpassed all other channel flights, making the trip from here to Calais, and then immediately recrossing in his biplane. The weather was perfect and his aeroplane worked faultlessly. Great crowds viewed the flights from both shores. By his great feat he regained for England the laurels that English aviators had lost to Blériot and De Lesseps.

On both flights Rolls' machine traveled at great speed. When he left the English shore he made straight for the French side, and the crowds gathered on the cliffs could clearly follow his course for a distance of more than twenty miles or within a couple of miles of France.

The landing on the French side was just long enough to run over the machine and see that all the parts had withstood the first flight. Then with a mighty cheer from the French audience that lined the shores, he headed his craft toward England and flew in a low direct line for the Dover cliffs.

Both going and coming Rolls distanced the fleet of torpedo boat destroyers that accompanied him.

When the airship settled down at the completion of the last leg of the daring trip the aviator was given a tremendous ovation by the joy-maddened crowd that acclaimed the restoration of flying honors to England. Rolls was almost mobbed and with difficulty saved his craft from being injured by the tumultuous crowds.

The Englishman's aeroplane is a Wright machine, built in France, with an American Wright engine. The plane has two seats, giving accommodation for a passenger. Rolls will get the Round prize of $2500.

For two weeks or so Rolls has been preparing for a double channel flight, and the inhabitants of the French shore have been on the qui vive.

Word was received that the start might be expected Thursday afternoon and thousands lined the cliffs, waiting for a glimpse of the plane. Thousands of the 60,000 people of Calais went to the surrounding points, the fact that an Englishman was at last going to attempt the feat twice performed by Frenchmen attracting wide attention.

When he glided to earth gracefully, Rolls declared that he was elated, but would waste no time in jubilation, as he hoped to resume the flight on the return trip.

"It was a good flight," he said, "and things are just right for the second stage. The round trip is no more than my flight at Nice, when I covered fifty miles over the water all the way without a stop."

In order to accomplish his feat, Rolls had to cover forty-two miles, which is twice the distance across the channel from Dover to Calais. The entire flight was made in ninety minutes.

Throughout his flight Rolls maintained an altitude of 800 feet, whereas Blériot had kept at a height of only 300 feet above the sea level.

NEW U. S. A. EXISTS

Proclamation Read on Anniversary of Close of Boer War

Pretoria, June 1.—The Union of South Africa has been born. The proclamation of the single dominion constituted by the legislative union of the British colonies of Cape Colony, Orange River Colony, Natal and the Transvaal, was read at the assembly house here, where just eight years ago the leaders of the Boers signed the British terms of peace, which brought to an end the war in South Africa.

The occasion was made a holiday and celebrations were general. Following the reading of the proclamation Viscount Gladstone was sworn in as governor general of the union, and Premier Botha and the other members of the new ministry took the oath of office.

Hub Show Posters Censored

Boston, May 31.—Boston joined the crusade against suggestive theatrical posters with the announcement by Mayor Fitzgerald in a letter to the proprietors of amusement places that the strictest propriety will be exacted in the future.

Book of Psalms to Be Revised

Philadelphia, June 2.—A revised book of psalms was adopted by the general assembly of the United Presbyterian church, after a spirited discussion.

Gift of $300,000 to Hospital

Boston, June 1.—A gift of $300,000 by Mrs. Robert D. Evans, as a memorial to her husband, the late owner of the summer capital at Beverly, to the Massachusetts Homeopathic hospital as an aid to the Boston University Medical school, is announced.

Willing to Have Maine Raised

Havana, June 3.—Responding to a request made by the American navy department President Gomez says that Cuba willingly authorizes the raising of the wreck of the battleship Maine.

FRANK GOTCH

He Announces Intention to Rest on His Laurels

SIMPLE LIFE FOR GOTCH

World's Champion Wrestler Decides to Retire While He Is Unbeaten

Chicago, June 3.—Frank Gotch says he will now retire to his farm in Iowa. In a statement after his defeat of Zbyszko he said:

"I won, and now I am through with the wrestling game. I am 33 years old and it will be the simple life for me in the future. Many wrestlers have waited too long and have been beaten. I am going to try to avoid that."

STEIN STUNTS STOPPED

State Liquor Law Hits Students at Stanford University

Menlo Park, Cal., June 3.—The last stein song has been sung and the last stein drained by merry-makers at Leland Stanford, Jr., university. The appellate court upheld the state law which prohibits the selling of liquor within one and one-half miles of the institution.

The opinion was handed down on an appeal in a test case brought by a Menlo Park saloon keeper to test the validity of the law.

FLED FROM HOSPITAL IN HIS NIGHT SHIRT

Patient Leads Marathon Through Streets of Gloucester

Gloucester, Mass., June 3.—When David Langley fled down Washington and Middle streets, attired solely in his night shirt, closely pursued by two young women nurses, it is believed he attracted more attention than he has ever before been accorded.

The nurses showed remarkable sprinting abilities, but it was Officer O'Mealey who finally overtook and captured Langley.

Langley is an inmate of the Gloucester hospital, and suddenly decided that life in that institution had no attractions for him. So, without stopping to dress, he ran outdoors.

His capture occurred when O'Mealey, distancing the other pursuers, threw his strong arms about Langley, making him a prisoner.

MUST NOT INTERFERE

The Venus Will Stop American Vessels Only at Its Peril

Washington, June 3.—The decree issued by Dr. Irias, in command of the Madriz war vessel Venus, that no vessel should enter the port of Bluefields without the permission of the Madriz government and without having paid customs duties at the Bluff, will be disregarded by Captain Gilmer of the United States ship Paducah, and should Irias attempt to prevent American vessels from entering that port, prompt steps will be taken by Gilmer to prevent any interference by the Venus.

In fact should Irias attempt to prevent any American vessel from entering the harbor without having first paid duties at the Bluff he will do so as his peril. This is the announced position of the United States government.

Mob Attacks Newspaper Office

Lead, S. D., June 3.—A mob broke into the office of the Black Hills Daily Register of this city, and with sledgehammers destroyed three presses and a linotype machine. The attack is attributed to labor troubles.

Dix Succeeds Conners

New York, June 3.—John A. Dix was elected chairman of the Democratic state committee, succeeding William J. Conners, at the meeting of the committee held in this city.

Haytian Revolution Imminent

Kingston, Jam., June 3.—Exiles from Hayti declare that the military governor of Port au Prince is imprisoning all his political enemies and that a revolution will come soon.

Samples of French Justice

Paris, June 2.—Henri de Lorme, a Paris banker, who moved in the best society and who swindled clients to the amount of $1,000,000, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. Henri Fournier, who stole a plat of cognac, received a similar sentence.

Fitzherbert Wins Brooklyn Handicap

Gravesend Race Track, N. Y., June 1.—The Brooklyn Handicap, its value as a stake shrunk to $6000, as compared with $19,700 two years ago, was won in easy fashion by Sam Hildreth's Fitzherbert in the presence of a thinned-out crowd.

BOLD ADVICE GIVEN BRITAIN

No Mincing of Words in an Address by Roosevelt

THE GOVERNMENT OF EGYPT

Now the Best It Has Had in Two Thousand Years, but England Has Erred in Vital Points, Says Ex-President—Timidity and Sentimentality Declared to Be Worse Than Injustice—Speech Creats a Stir

London, June 1.—Theodore Roosevelt was presented with the freedom of the city of London, and he accepted the honor with a literalism that led him into a frankness of speech that created a sensation in old Guild hall.

As the former head of a country that once paid tribute to Great Britain the American statesman gave the motherland some bold advice as to her duty toward her most troublesome dependency in Africa. Mr. Roosevelt eulogized British rule in Uganda and the Soudan. He also declared that Great Britain had given Egypt the best government that the country had had in two thousand years, but in certain vital points it had erred. Timidity and sentimentality, he said, might cause more harm than violence and injustice.

"Sentimentality," he added, "is the most broken reed upon which righteousness can lean."

Mr. Roosevelt denounced the Nationalist party of Egypt as neither desirous nor capable of guaranteeing primary justice. It was trying to bring murderous chaos upon the land. Either it was or it was not right for Great Britain to be in Egypt and establish order throughout that country. If it was not right to further this purpose then the British should get out. Some nation, said the former president, must govern Egypt. He hoped and believed that the English would decide that the duty was theirs.

As a whole the speech constituted the most forcible expression on foreign topics that the distinguished visitor has made during his European tour. He dealt principally with the British policy in Egypt, which is today one of the most discussed of Great Britain's colonial questions. His outspoken views sent a thrill through the auditors which is likely to be felt outside the walls of the ancient council hall.

Mr. Roosevelt was driven in state from Ambassador Reid's home to Guild hall, but the weather was not propitious, and comparatively few persons witnessed the procession.

The parchment conveying to Roosevelt the freedom of the city was contained in a beautiful gold casket. The presentation was made by Sir Joseph C. Dimsdale, the city chamberlain, who spoke briefly.

Following the exercises Sir John Knill, the lord mayor of London, entertained Roosevelt at a private luncheon at which many prominent personages were present. The casket presented to Roosevelt was oblong in form, the front and reverse side being divided into four panels bearing enamel painted views of Guild hall, the Mansion house, St. Paul's cathedral and the Tower bridge. The centre was occupied by the full blazon of the city arms in enamel with an ornamental shield below containing the inscription. At the four corners were enameled the arms of England, the United States and the city shield and Union Jack. The base was of solid silver, having at one end a finely modeled American bison and at the other end the British lion. The base stood upon eight bold feet with a lower pedestal of oak and velvet.

CHURCH BUILT IN A HURRY

Ready For Occupancy Ten Hours After Big Gang Start to Work

Peoria, Ills., May 31.—Services were held in the chapel of Central Christian church, built in ten hours by members of the congregation. The church was perfect in its completion, electrically lighted and with an electric sign above the entrance.

The building is 64 feet long, 24 feet wide and 12 feet high inside. Under the supervision of D. C. Chaffee, who planned the structure, 190 men started work at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. At 6 o'clock last evening chimes on the various other churches throughout the city were rung to announce the completion of the mushroom structure.

Milk War Continues

Boston, June 1.—Boston's great milk war, which contractors and producers alike believed would end yesterday afternoon, now appears to be no nearer a termination than at any previous stage in the hostilities. After a long conference with two of the contracting firms, the representatives of the producers announced that no agreement had been reached and that the strike was still in force.

WIFE SLAYER SENTENCED

Conroy Will Spend the Remainder of His Life In Prison

Boston, June 3.—Edward J. Conroy was sentenced to state prison for life. He retracted his former plea of not guilty to the charge of murder in the first degree and pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree. Conroy killed his wife in South Boston on Feb. 13.

Conroy weighs 200 pounds. On the night of the murder he had been drinking and quarreled with his wife. She left him soon after and went to church to attend devotions. On her return Conroy renewed his quarrel with her and literally beat her to

SWINDLED ON A VAST SCALE

Further Light on Methods of Walsh and Kelliher

FAKE WIRE TAPPING OUTFIT

Also Shown to Have Conducted Pool Room and Faro Office In Boston Under Name of "John S. Marshall," Which Was Assumed by Both Men Accused of Aiding Coleman In Separating Thousands From Bank

Boston, June 3.—The dual personality of "John R. Marshall" as assumed at convenient times by "Big Bill" Kelliher and Martin J. Walsh in poolroom, wire-tapping and faro games was presented by several witnesses before Judge Hale and a federal jury.

Cashier Earl of the National City bank was questioned a half hour when Attorney Pratt offered to show that Earl knew of Coleman's loose habits and had withdrawn his personal account before the closing of the bank.

William E. Hingston, handwriting expert, was called for the prosecution to show the signatures of "John R. Marshall" were written by the same hand that wrote William J. Kelliher in Kelliher's petition in bankruptcy.

Martin J. Walsh as a crony of William J. Kelliher and in constant touch with Kelliher on the 'phone during the period of Coleman's losses at faro were shown by District Attorney Garland reading a list of telephone calls between the two men.

The existence of a wireless wire-tapper layout in a room of the Postal building on State street, which was run by "John R. Marshall," was shown by the testimony of several employes of the building.

The identification of Martin Walsh as the original of the man who, under the name of John R. Marshall, rented this room on State street and the presence of William J. Kelliher as an employe of the office was shown by several other witnesses.

These were some of the most important features of the trial yesterday of "Big Bill" Kelliher, charged with aiding and abetting George W. Coleman in the misapplication of the funds of the National City bank of Cambridge.

The government is trying to prove to the jury that Walsh and Kelliher were closely associated in various bunco games, which were conducted in three different offices under the firm name of John R. Marshall & Co.

These offices, all under the same management, were the faro office proper at 6 Beacon street, the pool room office at Huntington Chambers and the fake wire tapping game conducted at 110 State street, in the Postal building.

Already "Big Bill" has been shown as a receiver of telegrams at the pool room office at Huntington Chambers, a constant visitor at the Beacon building place, and yesterday was positively identified by the janitor of the Postal building as somebody in authority at the wire-tapping office on State street.

Yellow Fever in Italy

Lugo, Italy, June 2.—Two persons have died here from yellow fever. The population is in a state of terror.

FEARED TOTAL LOSS OF HAIR

Scalp had been Scaly for Some Time—After an Attack of Typhoid Fever his Hair Began to Fall Out by the Handful—Now It is

THICKER THAN EVER THANKS TO CUTICURA

"About two years ago I was troubled with my head being scaly, like dandruff but heavier—although I wash my head once a week always. It never gave me any trouble such as itching or smarting and I never noticed any falling of the hair. But shortly after that I had an attack of typhoid fever and I was out of the hospital possibly two months when I first noticed the loss of hair, my scalp being still scaly. I started to use a dandruff cure to no effect whatever. And I used a quinine preparation quite freely which did no good either. Whether it was the effect of the fever or some scalp disease I don't know, but I had actually lost hope of saving any hair at all. I could brush it off my coat by the handful. It got so bad that I didn't need to comb it any more—in fact I was afraid to. My brother, who had used the Cuticura Remedies with satisfaction, advised me to try them. After using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and nearly a box of Cuticura Ointment, the change was surprising. My scalp is now clear and healthy as could be and my hair thicker than ever, whereas six months ago I had my mind made up to be bald in a short time. I will have a photograph taken later and send you one. William F. Steese, 5812 Broad St., Pittsburg, Penn., May 7 and 21, '09."

Warm baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, assisted when necessary by Cuticura Resolvent (liquid or pills), afford instant relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, scaly, crusted humors, eczemas, rashes, inflammations, irritations and chafings of infancy and childhood, permit rest and sleep and point to a speedy and permanent cure, in the majority of cases, when all other remedies fail.

Cuticura Soap (25c.), Ointment (50c.), Resolvent (50c.), and Chocolate Coated Pills (25c.), are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 137 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

CONDENSED REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Newport Trust Company,

As made to State Banking Department March 29, 1910.

ASSETS.

Loans, Discounts and Investments	$1,282,835 49
Banking House & Safe Deposit Vaults	167,500 00
Cash in Banks and in Vaults	197,145 75
Overdrafts	5,517 85
Total	$1,652,999 09

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$300,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	119,632 27
Deposits	1,233,366 82
Total	$1,652,999 09

ANGUS McLEOD, President.
THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Vice President.
EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Treasurer.

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Everything in the line found here at popular prices.
Specialties in CHILDREN'S HATS.
ORDER DEPARTMENT,
BEST WORK GUARANTEED.

FREE!

For One Week Beginning MONDAY, May 16th,
We will give to every purchaser of 3 packages of

Crystal Gelatine

ONE JAR CREAM FREE.

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172—176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
—AND—
Dispensing Optician.
Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.
Children's Eyes a Specialty.
If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co's are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist' prescriptions given personal attention.
118 SPRING STREET.
1-27 8.30 a. m.—8.30 p. m.

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TO RENT AT
BLOCK ISLAND.
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Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.
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The most modern and up to date House in the City.
A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.
Rates, $2.00 Per Day.
SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.
Apply to
2-3 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

A Full Line of all the
NEW
AND
Improved Varieties
OF
VEGETABLE SEEDS
FOR SALE BY
Fernando Barker.

"I shall never marry!" said the girl in blue with decision.

"Oh, my dear," replied the girl in gray "you are really not so bad looking as all that!"—Home Notes.

"Do you eat onions?"

"Only in self-defence. My wife is very fond of them."—Detroit Free Press.

FIERCE ESKIMO DOGS.

They Retain Their Wild Nature Despite Long Training.

AS SAVAGE AS THE WOLVES.

And Like Their Ferocious Congeners They Always Hunt In Packs—Instances In Labrador Where They Have Devoured Human Beings.

There undoubtedly is an affinity between the wolf and the Eskimo dog. For generations the dog has been trained by the Eskimos, chiefly by the women, and taught to haul a sledge in winter. The Hudson Bay company's agents and the settlers on the coast of Labrador vie with each other in getting together splendid teams. One would naturally suppose that dogs of this kind, so long trained and associated with men, would become more or less domesticated and lose their original savage character. It is, however, quite otherwise.

The Eskimo dog of today is still a pure, unmitigated savage. Like his congener, the wolf, he always hunts in packs. Quite recently an Eskimo, with his wife and child, was making a journey with his team to a nearby settlement. On his way the driver became ill and weak and quite unable to control his team. The dogs turned on them and devoured the whole family.

An old resident at Labrador told me that one winter's evening he was sitting reading when he heard a furious barking among his dogs outside. Fighting among the pack was so common that he took no notice of the disturbance. Next morning the cause of the row was discovered. A poor Eskimo woman was coming to the house for medicine for her sick child. She stumbled over the heap of snow near the door. The pack sprang on her, and some rags and bones discovered next morning told the tale of her tragic fate.

The Newfoundland fishermen often bring home these Eskimo dogs from Labrador. They invariably turn out sheep killers, and the crossbred ones have all the same savage instinct. They have been known to kill a score or more sheep in one night, all being found with their throats torn, but not one eaten. It is simply the savage lust for blood. The early settlers in Newfoundland found the great timber wolves a terrible pest. They killed their sheep and cattle and sometimes attacked women and children. They were continually chased, and killed, but still they increased. A handsome bounty on wolfskins, however, eventually brought about their extirpation.

Animals that hunt or move together in packs always retain this characteristic. The reindeer in Lapland have been trained and domesticated by man for countless generations, but they still retain this instinct of the pack. As soon as the team moves all the reindeer start off; nothing can stop them. While the savage pack hunting character of the Eskimo dog remains so long unchanged, we have, on the other hand, in setter and retriever dogs a very striking illustration of how an artificial character can be given to the dog and a special characteristic firmly implanted in a breed and retained for centuries. It is, however, purely artificial and is easily lost. For instance, setters and pointers kept by ladies as pets and not trained lose the instinct to point. The untrained breed within a generation lose it altogether. Every sportsman knows that the young ones are very easily trained and point naturally. I have seen setter pups only six weeks old setting at flies.

The instinct for retrieving is perpetuated in no breed so strongly as the real Newfoundland dog, the fisherman's friend and constant companion and the most splendid of all retrievers. A remarkable instance of his gifts and courage is the story of a Newfoundland settler, George Harvey, how with the aid of his dog and two children he saved 163 lives in 1832. In the autumn of that year the brig Dispatch, on her way to Quebec with emigrants, in a tremendous gale of wind struck a rock about three miles from Harvey's residence at Isle aux Morts. Harvey heard the signals of distress and immediately launched his boat. His only help was a boy of twelve, his girl, sixteen years old, and his dog. To get close to the doomed ship in such a sea was to court destruction. Harvey's dog understood what was required of him. He swam toward the ship. The seas overwhelmed him and drove him back, but finally he came near enough. The sailors threw him a rope, which he caught with his teeth. At last he got back to Harvey's boat almost dead from exhaustion, but with the rope's end firmly clinched in his teeth. Communication between the boat and the ship was then established, and with care and the most laborious efforts every soul was saved.—Judge Prowse in London Standard.

The "Gold Snake."

A Mexican superstition, very common among miners in that country, relates to the "gold snake." This species of serpent is perfectly harmless and very handsome, being green in color and with a golden iridescence in its scales. Faith is entertained that wherever a gold snake makes its nest there is a ledge containing the precious metal, and there are many miners who will locate a claim at once if they find a gold snake.

A Crafty Approach.

"That fellow played a mean trick on me."

"How?"

"Came to me ostensibly for advice and wound up by striking me for $2."—New York Journal.

Same Old Story.

"How shall I break the news to my parents that I have failed in my exams?"

"Merely telegraph them: 'Examination over. Nothing new.'"—Fliegende Blatter.

A PAIR OF GLOVES.

The Impudent Store People Wouldn't Take Them Back.

Mrs. Pinkerton's first question was about the gloves.

"Did you exchange them?" she asked.

"No," said Pinkerton, "I didn't."

"There," she complained. "I might have known you would forget it. How careless! I told you the very last thing before you left the house to be sure to attend to it. Really, I don't see how men can be so thoughtless."

"I didn't forget," said Pinkerton. "I tried to change them, but they wouldn't take the things back."

"Wouldn't—take—them—back?" she said. "Why not?"

"They said they were soiled."

"Soiled? Well, of all things! If they are they got soiled in their own store. I didn't soil them. I have never had them on my hands. I couldn't get them on. They were half a size too small. They gave me the wrong number. Why didn't you tell them so?"

"I did."

"Whom did you tell?"

"The clerk and the floorwalker and everybody who would listen to me."

"And what did they say?"

"They laughed."

"The impudent creatures! I'll never buy a cent's worth in that store again, you see if I do."

"That's just what I said," Pinkerton put in. "I said you never would."

"And what did they say to that?"

"They laughed again."

"Well, that settles it. I never will buy anything there now. Where are the gloves?"

"In my pocket."

"Let me have them, please. Soiled, indeed! I'll see if they are."

Mrs. Pinkerton unwrapped the package. As she took out the gloves she blushed slightly.

"Well," she said.

"Well?" echoed Pinkerton. "What's wrong?"

"N-nothing much," she said, "only this is an old pair of gloves. I cleaned them last week with gasoline. I made a mistake and sent them back instead of the pair I bought yesterday."—New York Herald.

THE BLACK BASS.

Mysterious Habits of the Fish That Puzzle the Naturalist.

Why the black bass bites on one day and refuses every bait the next; why he takes helgramites and only helgramites on Monday, grasshoppers on Tuesday and frogs on Wednesday; why he bites only on dark days for a fortnight and then shifts his biting humor to days bright and breezy; why you find him today on sandy bottom and tomorrow on mud and the day after on the rocks, are baffling traits of the bass that relate merely to his sporting relations with the angler. But there are other mysteries that puzzle the naturalist and bear on the organic life of the fish.

Up in Maine are two bass rivers not far apart. In one the fish run often to four, even to five, pounds; in the other rarely above a pound and a half. In one of the largest lakes of New Hampshire the writer's score for a whole season once ran up to 398 fish. Food was evidently abundant, for the bass were "chunky" and the viscarea thick with fatty tissues. Yet the postmortem showed in the stomach only glutinous, unrecognizable white matter, and the largest bass of the whole season drew the scales at but a pound and three-quarters. What did those bass live on, and why didn't they grow bigger? Again, in the uplands of Connecticut are two large lakes some eight miles apart. In the one bass are often caught in winter ice fishing; in the other lake almost never in winter, though in its open summer waters bass fishing is the better. Remembering that the bass are supposed to hibernate and in fairly deep waters, would not that fact argue in the late season darker outward hues and deeper bronzes? Yet the head of a large bass hatchery has observed a silvery change of the bass at the approach of winter when his habit and habitat would imply the exact reverse. Such are a few of the anatomical enigmas of the black bass that make him and his paradoxes an interesting study for that open minded angler who blends the naturalist with the sportsman.—Collier's Weekly.

Elihu Yale's Grave.

Elihu Yale, from whom the college in New Haven took its name, sleeps in the graveyard at Wrexham church, near Chester, England. The following inscription (restored some years ago by the council of Yale) is to be found on one side of his tombstone:

Born in America, in Europe bred, in Africa traveled, in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived; in London dead.
Much good, some ill, he did, so hope all's even
And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven.

—Boston Globe.

In a Bad Way.

A teacher in an elementary school at Graz, Austria, received a letter from a mother who explained that she had been dangerously ill with atheism and rheumatism and had kept her little girl at home to nurse her.

A Native Interpretation.

"Tell me," said an inquiring Englishman of an American friend, "what is the significance of the eagle shown on your money?"

"It is an emblem of its swift flight."

Insinuated.

"Likes to hear himself talk, doesn't he?"

"Does he? Say, if he talked in his sleep he'd stay awake all night to listen!"—Cleveland Leader.

The Jail.

"I am going to visit the jail. There is a man I want to see there."

"Is one all? I know about forty whom I should like to see there."—Indianapolis News.

Each one sees what he carries in his heart.—Goethe.

A WAY TO WOO SLEEP.

Watch a Light Spot on the Wall Till Slumber Comes.

Some months ago a friend informed me that he was a great sufferer from sleeplessness. He had experimented with all manner of remedies—baths, drugs, exercise, dieting—but could find no relief, writes H. Addington Bruce in the Delineator.

"How about the 'spot on the wall' cure?" I asked him.

"I haven't heard of that. What is it?"

"It's very simple," I told him, "yet very efficacious. I presume that some light from the street lamp or the moon usually gets into your bedroom? Well, where it strikes the wall you will be pretty sure to find spots that seem to stand out vividly from the dark background. Select one of these patches of brightness, one preferably not much larger than a silver dollar. Settle down comfortably in such a way that it will be within easy range of your vision without straining to see it. Then gaze at it steadily.

"Do not, however, try to stare it out of countenance, so to speak. Instead, let the muscles of your eyes relax until the spot appears to have a confused outline. At the same time, if possible, think of nothing but the one idea—'I am going to sleep!'

"Before long your eyes will begin to feel tired, and they will gradually close. Open them and once more gaze at the spot on the wall. Again they will close. Again open them. Presently you will find it impossible to open them, and the next instant you will be asleep."

Recently I again met him and found him full of enthusiasm.

"That was a splendid scheme," said he. "I sleep like a top nowadays—am asleep almost as soon as I touch the bed."

HE GUESSED RIGHT.

Now See if You Can Tell Which Fair One He Selected.

A certain Turk, according to the story, was once married to a veiled lady in white in the presence of the sultan. As soon as the ceremony was concluded the bride mysteriously disappeared.

The groom was led into an adjoining room, where stood twelve ladies all dressed in white, but without veils. "Choose from the twelve," exclaimed the sovereign, "her that is your bride." As the man had never seen her face the command bewildered him.

"If you make a mistake," added his majesty, "your life shall pay the forfeit."

The poor man walked up and down the row of beauties, but saw nothing whatever to aid his choice.

"You have only a minute left!" yelled the sultan in anger. "Choose at once!"

Ten of the ladies, the man noticed, gave him nothing else than a stony stare. One of the remaining two frowned, the other smiled. "The frowning one," he thought, "is my bride, for she expresses her displeasure and impatience at my ignorance. 'No,' he said to himself; 'it must be the smiling one, for she desires to invite me to her.'"

After debating the subject in his mind until his time was up he boldly made a selection from the two. He was successful. He had regained his bride. Which was she—the one who frowned or the one who smiled?

Taste and Smell.

Physiologists have long known that many sensations ordinarily ascribed to taste are in reality due to smell, but this fact has been made clearer than before by the investigations of German savants. Air enters the olfactory chamber, where the nerves connected with the sense of smell are centered, both through the nostrils and through an inlet leading from the mouth. In consequence a breath of perfumed air manifests its odor not only when it is breathed in, but when it is breathed out. For this reason we are sometimes deceived as to the source of the pleasure we derive from things taken into the mouth, the agreeableness of the impression being due, in some cases, rather to smell than to taste.—New York Herald.

Pre-Columbian Voyages.

Concerning the subject of the discovery of America John Fiske says: "Nothing can be clearer from a survey of the whole subject than that these pre-Columbian voyages were quite barren of results of historic importance. In point of colonization they produced the two ill fated settlements on the Greenland coast and nothing more; otherwise they made no real addition to the stock of geographical knowledge. They wrought no effect whatever upon the European mind. In no sense was any real contact established between the eastern and western halves of our planet until the great voyage of Columbus in 1492."

Nature's Work.

There is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty that it is quite certain that it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure.—Ruskin.

Considerate.

"Young man, I'm sure I heard you kiss my daughter."

"Did you, sir? Next time I'll tip over a chair or shuffle my feet."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Creation lives, grows and multiplies. Man is but a witness.—Victor Hugo.

Hooked.

Mrs. Newlywed—The night you proposed you acted like a fish out of water.

Mr. Newlywed—I was, and very cleverly landed too.—Puck.

Bad men excuse their faults; good men leave them.—Jonson.

RENTING A BRIDAL VEIL.

An Incident of a Fashionable Wedding In New York.

Not long ago one of the wealthiest "charge customers" of a well known department store in New York purchased a $500 wedding veil for her daughter, which was charged to her account and duly delivered. The wedding was a large one and celebrated at high noon in one of the downtown churches.

It happened that one of the girls from a department store went out for luncheon at this hour and, seeing a fashionable wedding in full swing, slipped into the church with the crowd and into one of the back pews. After the ceremony was over she hurried back to her place behind the counter, too busy with her special sales to even think about it.

The next morning, however, when she read an account of the "magnificent wedding in — church and a detailed description of the wonderful veil worn by the bride, valued at $500," she laughingly told her numerous friends in that department that she "had been one of the honored guests and had seen that $500 veil with her own eyes." Just at this thrilling point of her story one of the floor men stepped up to her and said:

"You are wanted at the manager's office, Miss B."

As she entered the office, to her perfect amazement, she beheld the identical bridal veil just under discussion.

"Miss B., can you tell me if you ever saw this veil before?" asked the manager.

"Yes, sir; I saw it yesterday."

"Where did you see it?"

She took from her pocket the clipping from the morning newspaper with the account of the great wedding, the costly veil and a picture of the bride. Laying it upon the desk, she said:

"This is a picture of the veil."

"How did you happen to be at this wedding instead of in your place here in the store?"

"It was my luncheon hour, and I went to the wedding instead of to lunch."

The manager smiled.

"Can you positively identify this veil as the one you saw yesterday?"

Miss B. took it up in her hands and, unfolding it, ran her fingers through the mesh and into the tiny folds where the orange blossoms were caught, then with some difficulty picked out three little pieces of rice and handed them to the manager.

She went back to her counter, and the "charge customer," whose accounts ranged in the thousands each year, was rendered a bill for "$300 for the use of a bridal veil worn by her daughter."

A check for the $300 was immediately sent, and the wealthy "charge customer" still continues to charge.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Powerful Weapon.

They were examining an old fashioned shotgun of murderous build. It looked as if it would be an effective weapon against anything short of an elephant, and its owner was boasting with that scorn of fact which is allowed the successful hunter of its power.

"Doesn't it kick like anything?" asked one.

"Oh, yes, it kicks some," said the proprietor, "but that's the beauty of it. Why, once I shot at a grizzly that was charging me. I missed him, and on he came. If it had not been that the gun kicked me so far back that I had time to reload I shouldn't have been here to tell the story."—Youth's Companion.

Sakhalin Is Queer.

Curious facts have come to light concerning the island of Sakhalin, off the eastern coast of Siberia. Cold winds and sea currents circulate around it, and their effect appears to produce on the island a reversal of the ordinary course of nature respecting the arrangement of temperature. Usually the air is warmest near sea level and coldest on highlands and mountains, but in Sakhalin the coldest air is found near the sea, and there the plants are of an arctic character, while in the lofty interior of the island the climate is mild, and even subtropical plants flourish on the heights.

Kindness to Teacher.

"Jimmy," said the fond mother to her smart nine-year-old, "what became of that fruit cake I made for you as a treat yesterday? Did you eat it?"

"No, mamma," answered Jimmy, with a grin; "I gave it to the teacher instead."

"That was very nice and generous of you, Jimmy," complimented his mother. "And did your teacher eat it?"

"Yes; I think so," answered Jimmy. "She wasn't at school today."

Right.

"Now, then, children," said the teacher, "what is it we want most in this world to make us perfectly happy?"

"The things we [illegible]," shouted the bright boy in the [illegible] seat.

A Diet of Wild Honey.

Wild honey as a change is an agreeable sweetmeat, but after a few days constantly partaking of it the European palate rejects it as nauseous and almost disgusting. Our experience extended over a fortnight, during which period our food consisted solely of it and maize. It has escaped the Biblical commentators that one of the principal hardships that John the Baptist must have undergone was his diet of wild honey.—Geographic Magazine.

Ancient Oath Taking.

A method of taking the oath far more hygienic than kissing the book was that observed at the Forest of Dean Mine court for about 500 years, beginning in the thirteenth century. It was not for any hygienic reasons, but to prevent soiling the book that the miners before giving evidence touched the four gospels with a stick of holly. The witnesses wore their hats to show that they were free miners.—London Chronicle.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Prayer Meeting in the Commons.

For many years a prayer meeting has been held in the house of commons once a week during every parliamentary session. No one knows who originated the idea, but the records of the proceedings, which are faithfully noted each week, show that in the year 1833 the well known Quaker, Mr. T. Fowell Buxton and the evangelicals Sir George Grey and Mr. Zachary Macauley were in constant attendance. The prayer meeting is held in a room granted for the purpose by the sergeant-at-arms and is restricted to twenty minutes. The proceedings are very simple. At each weekly meeting a president for the following week is chosen. On the day of assembling—Tuesday, at 5 o'clock—the president for the day opens the meeting, reads a portion of the Scriptures and either offers an extempore prayer or calls on one of the members to pray. Two or three others offer short prayers, and the meeting closes with the benediction.—London News.

He Begs Pardon No More.

Jones had just trod on the toe of an old gentleman while getting into the tram car.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"Hey? Speak louder. I'm a trifle deaf."

"I beg your pardon," repeated Jones.

"H'm! Peggy starving? Well, I'm sorry. Who's Peggy?"

Jones was red in the face now.

"You misunderstand, sir!" he shouted.

"Hey?"

"You misunderstood!"

"Miss Underwood, is she? Peggy, who is starving, is Miss Underwood? Well?"

"I didn't say anything about Miss Underwood!" screamed Jones. "I begged your pardon, and you misunderstood."

"Oh, now I see!" said the old man sympathetically. "It is your Aunt Peggy who is starving Miss Underwood. Well, why don't you report the case to the police?"—Pearson's.

Not In Her Class.

While delivering an address at a woman's club an actress told the story of a young woman prominent in New York society who desired to achieve histrionic honors.

The manager to whom she confided her desire pointed out the inadvisability of the step she contemplated and added that even were he disposed to give her the chance she coveted he would still be in doubt whether her talents were such as to justify such action on his part.

"What is particularly desired by us at the present time," he said, "is the service of people who know the mechanics of the stage."

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed the young woman, throwing up her hands. "You don't mean to tell me that it is necessary I should be on terms of intimacy with those dreadful stage hands?"—Lippincott's.

Proud of His Prospects.

Louis Pierre was one of a number of Canadian immigrants who settled at Fitzgerald, Ga. As he spoke both French and English he rapidly became a man of importance and was successively elected to the offices of city marshal, coroner and justice of the peace. A dispute arose between the French and English settlers as to the superiority of the United States over the Canadian provinces. They finally agreed to leave the decision to Judge Pierre, who handed down this decision:

"Yoost tage a loog at me. Ferst dey mage me constabul, den coroner, und now joostis of de pees. Soon I be ze governair, den senator, den president. I would be ze long time in Canadaire 'fore dey mage me queen."—Circle Magazine.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

The Romance That Kept Charles Villiers Single All His Life.

Charles Villiers, long the "father of the house of commons," never married, but he was the hero of a romance which is described in the "Reminiscences and Correspondence of Mme. Olga Novikoff" as having lasted all his life.

Villiers was once on the eve of marrying a very rich spinster. The lady, however, was imprudent enough one day to say to her fiance that she knew very well he only wanted to marry her money and not herself.

Villiers' aristocratic dignity manifested itself. He took his hat, bowed to the lady and said that after that remark there could be no more question of marriage between them. Off he went.

Strangely enough, the deserted spinster spent the next thirty years in trying in vain to see him to make up. He never came near her or gave her a chance of coming near him. "And do you know," remarked Lady Gilbert, who told me the story, "she still loves him and cherishes his memory."

"Oh, that is charming! Quite a romance!" I exclaimed. "Tell the lady to lunch with me tomorrow. We were acquainted. "Charles Villiers is coming."

Lady Gilbert delivered my message. The two old people met at my hotel, after which the lady humbly asked Charles Villiers to call on her. He accepted the invitation. When we were alone together she said: "Do you know, Mme. Novikoff, he is not in the least altered after all these years. He is exactly the same in looks and manners."

Of that, of course, I could have no opinion. But surely thirty years before the old Charles Villiers was neither half bent nor half blind. However, the old time friendship was renewed and lasted until the lady's death a few years later.

She left him the greatest part of her very great fortune. Charles Villiers became very rich in money, but unfortunately he was then very rich in years also.

Inertia of the Nerves.

The researches and experiments of a French scientist have led him to the conclusion that the cerebral nervous system is incapable of perceiving more than an average of ten separate impressions per second. After each excitation of the nerves a period of inertia follows, lasting about one-tenth of a second, and during this period a new impression cannot be made. According to the investigations of this scientist a person cannot make more than ten or at the most a dozen separate, voluntary movements of any kind in a second, although the muscles, independently of the will, are capable of making as many as thirty or forty.

A Romantic Career.

The romantic career of a very remarkable man, John Gully, who seconded Cribb in his battle with Molineaux, is thus summed up in the "Dictionary of National Biography:" "Prizefighter, horse racer, legislator and colliery proprietor." Gully fought his first fight just before Trafalgar. He fought his last and retired from the prize ring in a blaze of triumph seven years before Waterloo. Gully rose to be a rich man and a member of parliament. He won the Derby three times and was the owner of a large and prosperous colliery. He died in 1863, the father of twenty-four children.

By refusing to listen to secrets one is saved unlimited trouble.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections, and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

MIDY

DEEP SEA LIFE.

The Deposits on the Surface of Submarine Mountains.

Whether or not the light of day penetrates the obscure depths of the sea has not been settled by scientists, and the fact that some animals found at a depth exceeding 700 fathoms have no eyes or a very faint indication of them, while others possess very large and protruding eyes, helps to make the dispute all the more sharp.

Another strange thing about the lower depths of the ocean is that when its inhabitants possess any color at all that color is usually orange or red or reddish orange—for example, sea anemones, corals, etc. The surface of submarine mountains is strewn with shells like the virgin seashore, showing that it is the feasting place of vast shoals of carnivorous animals. When a codfish eats it takes an oyster in its mouth, cracks the shell, digests the meat and ejects the shell. Crabs crack the shells of their smaller neighbors and suck out the meat. This accounts for the mounds of shells which are found beneath the waves. All fish bones discovered there invariably crumble at the slightest touch, so completely have they been honeycombed by the boring shellfish, and, further illustrating the constant destruction going on in the ocean's depth, it is said that if a ship sinks at sea with all on board it will be eaten by the fish, with the exception of its metal portions, and not a human bone of its crew will remain longer than a few days.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

MADE WAGNER PAY.

An Early Sonata That Cost the Composer a Lot of Money.

Wagner when a young man wrote a sonata which had a fair success, but in after life he made every effort to suppress it. Going to the publisher, he said, "Have you any copies of that miserable thing still unsold?"

"Yes," was the reply; "I have quite a number of them in stock."

"Send them to me at once, with a bill," said the composer.

A thousand copies were soon afterward delivered at his door. The bill was a big one, but it was paid, somewhat grudgingly, and Wagner thought he had done with the thing. What was his surprise, then, at receiving two or three months later another consignment, this time of 500 copies.

"I thought you had only a thousand of these things," he protested.

"That was all I had in stock," explained the dealer, "but these have been returned by my agents, to whom I wrote that you wished to have the sonata suppressed."

Wagner winced, but there was nothing for it but to pay the bill. And thereafter whenever business was dull with this crafty publisher a few hundred copies of the sonata would be struck off on shopworn paper and delivered at the composer's door with a memorandum to the effect that they had just come back from remote places where they had been sent for sale.

Salesmanship.

A salesman in a furnishing store displayed to a friendly customer a gentleman's plain linen handkerchief at $5. The man had always thought he was doing well to pay 50 cents and questioned the salesman about it.

"How can a man figure it that he gets his money's worth when he pays $5 for a handkerchief? It doesn't serve the purpose any better, and he couldn't afford to tell any one that he was big enough fool to pay that price."

"He gets his money's worth," said the salesman, "from the added force of self respect that comes with his own personal assurance that he has the best that can be produced. That conviction helps him in urging his point and in swinging the big deal his way, and the $5 is a mere item of incidental expense."

Ever afterward that customer gladly paid more not only for handkerchiefs, but for every item of his wardrobe.

That is salesmanship.—Collier's.

Corfu's Queer Laws.

Corfu can boast of the most peculiar land laws in the world. The landlords are nearly all absentees, and their tenants hold the land on a perpetual lease in return for a rent payable in kind and fixed at a certain proportion of the produce. Such a tenant is considered a co-owner of the soil, and he cannot be expelled but for nonpayment of rent, bad culture or the transfer of his lease without the landlord's consent. Neither can his rent be raised without his permission. Attempts have been made to alter the law, but both landlords and tenants are apparently satisfied with a system that dates back to the time of Homer.

Absolute Equality.

The Woman—The tax office is one which I simply love to go to. The Man—Very few people do. Why do you like it? The Woman—Because it is absolutely the only place where no discrimination is made against me because I am a woman. They let me there pay just as much as if I were a man.—Baltimore American.

The European Plan.

Landlord (after fair guest has fainted at sight of her bill)—Jean, I have sent the boy for a glass of water for the lady, and I want you to see that 10 cents is added to her bill. Understand?—Fliegende Blatter.

A Good Break.

The Shopper (in china shop to salesman)—You don't break these sets, I presume. The Salesman—No'm, but our errand boy does sometimes.

The Object.

Rich Uncle Ebenezer—So you are named after me, are you? Small Nephew—Yes; ma said it was too bad, but we needed the money.

If women were as hard to please in the selection of a husband as they are in his behavior thereafter, there would be a lot more bachelors.

STALKED BY VULTURES.

While a Man Trailed a Buck the Birds Followed the Man.

"I met with a curious and not altogether pleasant experience," writes an Anglo-Indian correspondent who has done a good deal of large and small game shooting in India, "when I was one day stalking a black buck. Between me and my quarry lay a large flat field of black cotton soil bordered by a very low, straggling and thinly growing hedge of small babul trees. My only way to get a shot was to cross this, keeping the bushiest tree between me and the buck, which had not much to browse on and was therefore seldom motionless. I proceeded to do the hundred yards on the flat of my stomach. This on loose, hard baked black cotton soil was no joke. I pushed my rifle on ahead. Then, wriggling past it until the muzzle was near my knee, I would pass it on in front again, and so on.

"Progress was slow, and I was so absorbed that I failed to observe shadows crossing and recrossing my path and circling around until I had gone some fifty yards. Then the whirring of wings attracted my ears, and almost at the same moment a vulture landed on the ground not twenty yards away. I looked up. The air was alive with these repulsive looking birds. Then it flashed across me that I was being stalked! Doubtless these birds were attracted by my extraordinary method of procedure and mistook me for a wounded or dying man making a final effort to reach some shady spot. This was especially possible, as the experience occurred in a famine district where deaths by the wayside were not infrequent. By looking up I had evidently shown myself to the buck, for he was now off at full tilt. I therefore took pot shot at the vulture at twenty yards, but did not allow for the sighting sufficiently and missed him. The thought of being waited for by a flock of vultures while very much alive and well was, to say the least, uncanny."—Pall Mall Gazette.

His Sarcastic Apology.

A well-known New Yorker figured in a quaint encounter with a "panhandler" not long ago. The fellow had asked him for a dime, when the following conversation took place:

"You're a positive nuisance! Tuesday you struck me for a dime, Thursday I gave you another, and now you have the nerve to ask for a third!"

"Excuse me, but are you the gent that gave me a dime on this corner the day before yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And now I've tackled you for the third dime?"

"Yes."

"Waal," said the hobo contritely, "I sincerely beg your pardon, old man. That's too much graft even for me. The only excuse I have to offer is that you have improved so much in your personal appearance that I didn't recognize you."—Cleveland Leader.

Both Stung.

Some time ago an eminent London physician requested an equally eminent surgeon to accompany him to see a distinguished but slippery patient. The patient was exceedingly polite to both the medical gentlemen, shaking hands with them and bowing them out of the room in the most affable manner. Soon after this professional visit the same physician called again on the surgeon, requesting him to accompany him to see another patient. On their way thither the surgeon observed, "I hope this patient will behave more liberally than the last did."

"Why?" said the M. D. "Did he not give you a fee?"

"Not a shilling," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said the eminent physician, with a toss of the head. "Why, he borrowed 2 guineas from me to give to you!"—Tit-Bits.

The Fable of the Celestial Bookkeeper.

One day, while walking to the place where he worked, a Man who had a Kind Heart and Very Little Else was accosted by an Old Male Beggar with a Red Nose. The man was plainly a Bum, but it was Equally Plain that he was Very miserable and Probably Hungry. The Man Accosted shook his head impatiently and passed on—only to come to a halt a second later, retrace his steps, and drop a Coin in the Beggar's hand.

Oddly enough, this happened in front of a Superb Mansion, in the library of which sat the Man Who Owned It. He was looking Pleased with himself and with all the world, for he had just finished looking over a Statement showing that his Total Wealth amounted to some Four Hundred Millions of Dollars. It was with an air of Extreme Benevolence that he took up a pen and signed a Check for a Hundred Thousand Dollars, which he was to bestow upon a well known University.

Then the Recording Angel, who had been an Impassive Witness of Both Transactions, reached for the Scroll of Good Deeds and made a Mark opposite One Name.—June Lippincott's.

The Whole seat Hog.

The end seat hog has changed his name since the advent of the new type of street car. He is now the whole seat hog, and the enhanced market value of his humble prototype of the farm adds nothing to his attractiveness or his respectability. He tries to spread his disgusting bulk over the space intended for two persons, and if you gently intimate a desire to share the seat he grudgingly gives up about one-fourth of it, compelling you to project half of your anatomy into the aisle, thus adding to the discomfort of the unfortunates still standing there. His companion of the opposite sex is occasionally found in the same car. Would that it were possible to tie them together and sink them forever in the lowest depths of the oubliette!—Chicago Tribune.

"Scribit has started to writing poetry." "He ought to take something for it." "He would, but nothing's offered."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Home is a place where a man can do as he pleases—if he is married to the right women.

Molasses in the Tobacco.

"Say, I'll have to drop this brand of smoking. It nearly burns the tongue off me. What's the matter with it?" said the smoker.

"It's been made up with a little bit too much molasses," said the tobacco chief. "The tobacco intended for winter sale always has a little more molasses in it than summer tobacco.

"They've several reasons for adding molasses to tobacco," he continued, coming back to the end of the counter. "In the first place, if the leaf isn't made just the least bit sticky it would be apt to crumble to a very fine powder that would choke up your pipe, especially in winter, when tobacco gets extremely dry.

"So when they add a little molasses to the cut leaf they make a thin, sticky film over it. This keeps the tobacco in good shape and the molasses locks the nicotine in the body of the leaf.

"Nicotine, you know, will evaporate and be lost if the tobacco is exposed long enough. Then when the nicotine is gone you might as well smoke the cabbage leaf the comic papers talk so much about for all the satisfaction you get.

"Plug tobacco is simply leaf glued together with molasses and then pressed into a block. If you'll take a plug of smoking and put it in a damp place outside somewhere and then come back after a week or two to look at it you'll see a pile of square cut leaves, perhaps five or six inches high. This is because the tobacco will have lost its molasses glue, not from the molasses having been washed off the leaf, but from its having fermented into vinegar.

"The film of molasses keeps the leaf moist and pliable. This is because of the sugar crystals in it. If you've ever noticed salt in wet weather you'll often have seen how it gathered the wet. The sugar crystals acts exactly like the crystals of salt, but to a less degree.

"When you fellows that smoke pipes say that tobacco burns your tongue you're away off. The tobacco hasn't a thing to do with it and your tongue isn't being burnt, it's being scalded."

"From the moisture in the tobacco?" asked the customer.

"Partly," said the tobacconist, "but mostly from moisture you'd not think was in the tobacco. There's a great deal of water in the little sugar crystals over and above what you'd expect they might collect from the air.

When you melt this sugar in your pipe each crystal dissolves first in a little pool of water, and makes material for steam, in addition to the free water in the tobacco that you can't feel with your fingers.

"This hot steam makes a regular steam heating system between the bowl of your pipe and your tongue, and while you think your tongue is being 'burnt' you're actually getting it parboiled."

"Has all tobacco molasses in it?" the customer asked.

"No," said the tobacconist. "The very cheap tobacco smoked by the natives of Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, and those countries, in the form of cigarettes, hasn't any molasses in it. Molasses isn't needed once the manufacturers have their leaf made up in the form of cigarettes, because they use a very heavy paper cylinder, with the ends tucked in. This keeps the leaf from falling out, even if it's crushed a little through the thick paper.

"You'll get 25 of those cigarettes for about two cents. The workingmen smoke them all the time because they're too lazy even to roll their own cigarettes. The coolest pipe smoke you ever had will be yours if you'll only go to the bother of buying a few bunches of those cigarettes and emptying the tobacco into a jar."—New York Sun.

A Golf Expert.

A story is told of two old antagonists who met on a Scotch golf-course every Saturday afternoon.

On one occasion, when they were all "square" at the seventeenth, and the loser of the previous week had just played his third in the shape of a nice approach to the green, last week's winner came up to his ball with grim purpose. He had an easy pitch to the green, but a number of young sheep were unconcernedly browsing along the edge.

"Run forward, laddie," said last week's winner to his caddie, "aud drive awa' the lambs!"

"Na, na!" vigorously protested his opponent. "Blue where ye be, laddie! Ye canna move any growing thing! That's the rule o' golf!"—June Lippincott's.

Flushed with triumph and ninety degrees in the shade, parched and scant of breath, they stood upon the towering mountain peak, and surveyed the gorgeous panorama that spread itself beneath them like a two inch to the mile ordnance map of the whole world.

"There!" she exclaimed, angrily. "We have climbed all this distance to admire the beauties of nature, and we've left the glass at home!"

Tranquilly smiling, he shifted the lunch basket to the other arm.

"Never mind, dear," he replied. "There's nobody about. It won't hurt us just this once to drink out of the bottle."—Answers.

The Deacon Hit Back.—"The best of things are open to abuse," said a clergyman, "even prayer meeting. William Spargus rose in prayer meeting one night and said he desired to tell the dear friends present of the great change of heart that had come over him, so that now he forgave, fully and freely, Deacon Jones for the horse he had sold him.

"Deacon Jones was too shocked at first to reply. He soon recovered himself, however, and he rose in his pew and said:

"'I am indeed glad, dear christian friends, to have gained brother William Spargus' forgiveness; but, all the same, he ain't paid for that hoss yet.'"

"Did you folks want any aigs today?" called the grocery boy from the back steps.

"Yes, answered the cook, who was busy kneading dough. "Just lay 'em under the refrigerator."

"I ain't Hen; I'm the other boy," shouted the lad from the grocery.—Chicago Post.

"Yes, we thought he would reach the landing all right, but he sank and was drowned almost within reach of it." "Strength gave out, eh?" "No, he appeared to be strong enough, but when he had almost reached safety the six o'clock whistle blew."—Houston Post.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Seaman Answers Simple Question.

Even the greatest of lawyers make mistakes in examining witnesses. When this happens it is, too often, the common error into which many lawyers fall in treating the person on the stand as if he knew nothing about anything worth knowing. Many a lawyer has fallen before a witness's sharp attack. An instance is told of Joseph H. Choate. Upon one occasion Mr. Choate was questioning the chief mate of the clipper ship Challenge in an assault case and finally angered him. The story was told one night in the Kansas City Law school.

At the beginning of his testimony the mate said the night was dark and rainy. Suddenly Choate asked him:

"Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes, a moon—"

"Yes, sir, a full moon."

"Did you see it?"

"No, sir."

"Then how do you know there was a moon that night?"

"The 'Nautical Almanac' said so. I'd believe that sooner than I'd believe any lawyer."

"What was the principal luminary that night?"

"The binnacle lamp—"

"Ah! you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"I'd ought to; you've been grinding me for an hour."

"Be civil. Now, tell me in what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator."

"You're joking."

"I'm in earnest and desire an answer."

"Can't give it."

"Indeed! You are the chief mate of a clipper ship and unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes!—the simplest I ever had asked me. I thought every fool knew there is no latitude at the equator."

And that silenced Mr. Choate.—Kansas City Star.

Wanted to be with Friends.

A correspondent of the Companion who has observed many instances of the good understanding which prevails among the negroes and their white neighbors in the Southern States tells the story of a colored man who left his South Carolina home to become a barber in an Illinois city. Not long afterward a negro was lynched in this town and fears of a "race riot" were entertained.

A customer entering the shop found the barber packing up his tools and learned that he proposed to return to South Carolina.

"There is too much lynchin' goin' on in these parts," declared he. "Tain't safe round hyar."

"Well," replied the customer, "don't you know there are just as many lynchings down South as there are here?"

"Yes, sir, I 'spects dats true," was the reply, "but if I's lynched hyar I dunno who's gwine do it, but if I's lynched down dar I knows I's gwine be lynched by my friends.—Youth's Companion.

Has Committed Bible to Memory.

William Frederick, Jr., a traveling salesman for a large flour plant at Duluth, Minn., has been in this city for several days. Mr. Frederick bears the distinction, so far as he is aware, of being the only person who ever committed the Bible to memory.

He is a friend of Alexander M. Rush, of this city, who is well acquainted with the Frederick family. The one who committed the Bible to memory, while not being a member of any particular church, has made such a study of the Bible that he can repeat any passage in it from Genesis to Revelation and state where it is found.

He was eighteen years committing the Bible to memory. His object in doing so was not for the purpose of arguing Scripture or of making a display of his wonderful knowledge along that line, but simply for his own benefit and his love for the Holy Word.—Fairmont (Minn.) News.

Remembering the Criminal.

The doctor discussed various topics with the prisoner, but could not discover the least trace of insanity, so Doc was touched by his piteous story and was going to do everything to free the supposed lunatic. "Swear to me that you will not forget," said the bughouse, and the doctor, with tears in his eyes, promised this solemnly as he turned to go away. Then Doc felt a tremendous kick behind which sent him flying along the prison passage, while he heard a gentle gurgling murmur, "That will make you certain to remember me." And it did.—New York Press.

She Could, But She Wouldn't.

Miss Johnston, an American girl, fair and 25, was traveling in Germany with an elderly friend. One day in Berlin the two ladies boarded a sightseeing car and were just comfortably seated when an Englishman of a pronounced sporting type got in and sat down beside the younger lady. After staring at her in silence for some time he inquired insinuatingly:

"Do you speak English, Miss?"

"Yes," replied Miss Johnston without turning her head, "I do, but I don't care to."

One on the Doctor.—Dr. Arthur Holbrook tells the following story.

A man by the name of Evans died, and went to heaven. When he arrived at the pearly gates he said to St. Peter:

"Well, I'm here."

St. Peter asked his name. "John Evans," was the reply.

St. Peter looked through the book and shook his head.

"You don't belong here," he said.

"But I am sure I belong here," said the man.

"Wait a minute," said Peter. He looked again, and in the back part of the book found the name.

"Sure," said the guardian of the gate, "you belong here, but you weren't expected for twenty years. Who's your doctor?"—American Druggist.

Saving Up His Money.—Wouldn't it make you happy to give me a dime, sir?"

"I don't care to purchase happiness on the instalment plan. I'm going to save up until I can give away fifty million dollars.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Misunderstood.—Mrs. Hoyle—One of my ancestors was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Mr. Doyle—Whose divorce decree did he sign?—N. Y. Press.

One Kind of Hypocrite.

"The late John R. Considine," said a New York hotel man, "had a host of friends. Yet he was never afraid to speak his mind. He hated hypocrites.

"When Considine was managing Corbett so successfully I happened to praise at a dinner a pugilist he disliked I said:

"'There's a man who never said an unkind word about anybody in his life.'

"Mr. Considine laughed. He said that such men always recalled to him Ira Slick.

"Ira Slick, he explained, died. After death he mounted the stairs of gold confidently, and he knocked with confidence at the golden gate.

"But St. Peter, frowning heavily, stuck his head out of the wicket and pointed down.

"So, very much astonished and pained, Ira Slick descended to the lower regions. He came to a black gate from which flames and sulphurous smoke spouted. A fiend stood at the entrance, a fiery trident upright in his hand like a spear.

"'What are you doing down here, Ira Slick?' demanded the fiend.

"'I'm sure I don't know,' said Ira plaintively. 'There must be some mistake. I never in all my life said an unkind word about anybody.'

"'That's all right,' said the fiend, quickly. 'Step this way, please. At the end of the bottom corridor, next to the fire, you'll find the hypocrites' cage.'"

No Loop-Hole.

A New York business man tells this story on himself:

In the "brave days when he was twenty-one" his income was not only limited, but his prospects were discouraging. At that time he became engaged to a winsome lassie whose affections could not be doubted, but whose financial prospects were as shadowy as his own.

One evening when his sweetheart and himself were strolling about the outskirts of the city he was particularly despondent and disheartened.

"Mary," he said, "I don't see how we are ever going to get married. There doesn't seem to be any chance for us at all. Why, all I've got in the world is a dollar and a quarter. I could not even pay the parson for marrying us."

"John, dear," said Mary, snuggling a little closer, "if that's all that's bothering you, you don't need to worry. I've a dollar here that I swiped out of grandmother's pocketbook when she wasn't looking, and you can have that so as to give the parson two dollars."

They were married then and there.

Wives.

Luther Burbank, at the cactus dinner that he recently gave in Santa Rosa, said:

"As we all see, the fruit of the cactus is not bad. Some people, though would turn from cactus with horror. Tastes differ.

"One man, such a man as myself, for instance, finding a single wife too many, remains unmarried. Another man, like Cetewayo, finds a thousand wives scarcely enough.

"When Wolseley conquered Cetewayo, he took nearly all his wives away from him. I believe he only left the monarch a half dozen or thereabouts.

"Cetewayo, day after day, sent piteous messages to Wolseley pleading for the rest of his wives, but the British soldier refused sternly.

"When Wolseley came to leave the country, Cetewayo, in desperation, sent this message to him:

"'If you will not send me any more wives, will you not, at least, be enough of a gentleman to exchange the six I have for six others?'"—Washington Star.

Language Growth.

There is an interesting and, from the national point of view, a satisfactory statement in the statistics lately published in an Italian paper concerning the growth of modern languages. According to the figures given the English language, which a century ago was spoken by 20,000,000 individuals, is now the means by which no less than 100,000,000 give expression to their views of things. French on the other hand, has spread less than any of the chief European languages, for whereas it was used by 31,000,000 men at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it is now spoken by 46,000,000. Seventy million individuals speak German today, against 30,000,000 a hundred year ago; 69,000,000 Russian against 30,000,000; 32,000,000 Italian, against 18,000,000, and 41,000,000 Spanish, against 30,000,000.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Besure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

On the coast of Ireland it rains on an average of 218 days in the year; in England about 150 days.

We think we can cure a bad case of Backache quicker with one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters than by any other application, and after the Backache is cured, you can still wear the plaster without discomfort for two or three weeks, or longer. This combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna is a great hit, and it is hard to find any pain or ache that will not yield to it. Price 25 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Drug clerks in Norway get from $375 to $528 a year.

Do not despair of curing your sick headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural.

Last year 600 American motor cars crossed the frontiers of Germany on tons.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

Greece has practically no coal deposits. Whatever electric power it has comes from waterfalls.

For any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Relief is sure. The only Nerve medicine for the price in market.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Her Redeeming Feature.

She never cooked a single thing
That didn't cause a pain;
Her biscuits are enough to crack
The strongest teeth in twain;
At boiling eggs she's no adept,
They're mostly overdone;
And when it's time for supper she
Has only just begun.

She never met a train on time,
She's always being late;
Her hair is always falling down,
Or else her hat's not straight;
She's always dabbing at her nose
With talcum-powder puff,
And if I make one wee complaint
It puts her in a huff.

But when at last she's ready for
The church or matinee,
She looks so cute and pretty that
All eyes are turned her way;
She cannot cook; she's always late,
But then, upon my life,
When she walks down the aisle with me
I'm proud to say "My Wife!"

—Boston American.

The Business Increased.

Those business concerns who are running behind—can't get more business—don't believe in advertising—and have little faith left in the world, might try the following described method of increasing their business:

This happened down South in a Virginia restaurant, where the proprietor was pretty close to the rocks. At last he admitted the condition of affairs to Mose, his colored waiter.

"Sho," says Mose, "Ah'll get the business fo' you," and he started out to stir it up.

Soon there was a rush of patrons to the restaurant, and everyone took chicken. Then each chap asked for a silk umbrella, but, of course, didn't get it.

The disappointed and disgusted patrons were beginning to make trouble, when finally Mose came back to see how business was getting on. When confronted by the angry crowd and the proprietor, he held up his hand and said:

"Lemme alone, gen'lemen, and Ah'll explain. Yo' see, it's jes lak dis. De boss needs de money more than anybody else, and so Ah sent yo' in here to spend yo' cash.

"Ah suttenly did promise a silk umbrella wid each order of chicken, but dat was jes a figger ob speech an Ah had my fingers crossed all de time.

"Yo' done got yo' chicken, de boss has de money, and I'se not financially 'sponsible. So let's let de matter drop."

Three Dresses Combined in One.

An Englishwoman has invented a gown which gives three changes in one. It is designed especially for girls who go on walking tours, this form of exercise having become popular in England. Starting out in one of these dresses it is possible to wind up at a friend's or elsewhere, and contrive a change which does not smell of the road. When used for walking purposes the dress is on the jumper order, with a plait back and front reaching from the neck to the hem, with black linen buttons down each side. The sleeves reach to the wrists, with buttons down the outside seam, and a neat little Puritan collar with a black silk tie is worn. When a halt is called the high collar and front come out, and by an ingenious arrangement the top of the gown turns down. Over it a Peter Pan collar may be pinned. The long sleeves unbutton just above the elbow and a pair of muslin cuffs to match the collar are buttoned on. This works a transformation into a cool and pretty dinner frock. A white tucked muslin guimpe gives another change, as it can be worn instead of the gray linen front and collar, which are detachable. These combination dresses are now on sale in London, and they ought to commend themselves to the band of American girls now traveling in England and Scotland, each with one hat, one dress and a few small articles in a small handbag.—New York Press.

Gray Days and Suicides.

"John H. Armington, local forecaster, is one of those who rise to the defense of the weather as being blameless for most of the wicked influences ascribed to it.

"The weather," he said today, "is charged with many evils. Crime, drunkenness, insanity and suicide are all laid to conditions of the weather. Creators of fiction like to make a stage setting of a storm for their tragedies, and dismal incidents in stories are made to happen to the accompaniment of dreary and depressing weather.

"Figures show, according to the authorities who have taken the pains to compile them, that such are not the facts. The truth is that there are more suicides on clear, beautiful days than on wet and cloudy ones.

"May and August show a much larger percentage of suicides than the bleak winter months, and statistics reveal that April, which is a better month than its stormy predecessor, March, has one-fourth more suicides to its record than the month which is supposed to come in like a lion and go out like a lamb."—Chicago Evening Post.

Pungencies.

An English title is always one of the season's "best sellers."

"Poets are born, not made." Which is only another way of blaming it on the poor stork.

A chafing-dish is merely a frying-pan that's broken into society.

Some men are always going to make hay while the sun shines—to-morrow!—Reginald Rochester in June Lippincott's.

Getting Down To Facts.

Heiress (signing her will)—It's just as well to take the precaution, as only "the good die young," you know.

Lawyer—Ah, I always think that there's a mistake in that proverb. It should be "only the young die good."—London Opinion.

Copyright Outlawed Then.

Manager (to composer)—Your piece is a fine one, but it can't be produced for at least three years.

Composer—Why not?

Manager—Because Wagner won't have been dead for thirty years till then.—Lustige Blaetter.

"Please take a chance? We're getting up a raffle for a poor old lady——" "Excuse me. Have you any chances on some rich young ones?"—Cleveland Leader.

"Ma, what is self-abnegation?" "It is when you see something you don't need that is marked down, and you don't buy it, my dear."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1910.

NOTES.

ZION CHURCH, NEWPORT, R. I.
(Continued.)

Baptisms by Rev. John West, first Rector.

Barber, Henry, Adult, Bap. Dec. 7, 1836.

Barlow, Catherine T., Adult, Bap. December 23, 1838.

Barlow, Eliza, Adult, Bap. Aug. 7, 1836.

Bartlett, Charles Grafton, son of—— and H. Bartlett, Bap. July 23, 1836.

Bartlett, Harriet, daughter of—— and H. Bartlett. Born Oct. 1, 1838; Bap. Nov. 27, 1834.

Burdick, Catherine E. Adult, Bap. Mar. 15, 1837.

Casey, Abby Pearce, Adult, Bap. May 28, 1837.

Casey, Abby Pearce, daughter of A. and S. Casey; born May 9, 1838; bap. Aug. 12, 1838.

Casey, Silas, Adult, Bap. Sept. 1, 1839.

Casey, Thomas Lincoln, Adult, Bap. July 11, 1837.

Chappell, Abby, Adult, Bap. Ap. 17, 1836.

Clarke, Ann Catharine, daughter of E. A. and W. L. Clarke; bap. July 11, 1837.

Clarke, Clarissa Read; daughter of E. A. and W. L. Clarke; bap. July 11, 1837.

Clarke, Eliza Ann, Adult, Bap. April 19, 1835.

Clarke, James Henry, son of E. A. and W. L. Clarke; bap. July 11, 1837.

Clarke, Sarah Adeline, daughter of D. W. and S. Clarke; born Sept. 30, 1836; bap. Dec. 25, 1836.

Clarke, Thomas Hartwell, son of D. W. and S. A. Clarke; born November 26, 1834; bap. Sept. 20, 1835.

Cook, Elizabeth Tilley, Adult, Bap. Dec. 23, 1838.

Cook, Sarah Jane, Adult, Bap. Mar. 15, 1837.

Cornell, Anna Elizabeth, daughter of L. and H. Cornell; born June 30, 1829; bap. June 3, 1835.

Cornell, Oliver, son of L. and H. Cornell; born Mar. 6, 1831; bap. June 3, 1835.

Cornell, Sarah Harwood, daughter of S. and H. Cornell; born Ap. 12, 1837; bap. July 11, 1837.

Cornell, Stephen Northam, son of L. and H. Cornell; born Sept. 23, 1826; bap. June 3, 1835.

Cotterill, Adeline Matilda, Adult. Bap. Dec. 28, 1838.

Cotterill, Mary Ann Elizabeth, dau. of A. and M. A. Cotterill; born June 9, 1835; bap. Sept. 20, 1835.

Cozzens, Elizabeth B. Adult. Bap. Feb. 1, 1835.

Cozzens, Elizabeth S. Adult, Bap. Dec. 25, 1838.

Cozzens, Martha S. Adult. Bap. Feb. 17, 1839.

Dennis, Elizabeth Jane, Adult. Bap. April 16, 1840.

Dennis, Wanton Ayrault, son of Sarah Dennis, born Oct. 12, 1841.

Dyre, Aaron F. Adult. Bap. July 8, 1838.

Dyer, Sarah, Adult. Bap. July 8, 1838.

Easton, Elizabeth. Adult. Bap. Dec. 23, 1838.

Eddy, Abby Maria, dau. of J. W. and A. Eddy; born Oct. 13, 1825; bap. Ap. 21, 1833.

Eddy, Asher Robbins, son of J. W. and A. Eddy; born Nov. 1, 1823; bap. Ap. 21, 1833.

Eddy, Ellery Wilbour, son of J. W. and A. Eddy, born Aug. 9, 1832; bap. Ap. 21, 1833.

Eddy, John M. Clayton, son of J. W. and A. Eddy; born Jan. 5, 1837; bap. July 11, 1837.

Eddy, Sarah Ann, daughter of J. W. and A. Eddy; born June 30, 1834; bap. Aug. 2, 1834.

Ennis, Caroline Whitehorne, daughter of W. and E. Ennis; born July 29, 1832; bap. July 11, 1837.—E. M. T.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

6705. VENABLE—Another name in the Martin line is Venable. Whence did the ancestor, Abraham, come to Virginia in 1685? I have puzzled over this for years. Must one look again to the Bermudas? In the same ship that carried Richard Canon, sailed Ralph Venables. Guillebertus de Venables was one of the companions of William the Conqueror on William's famous trip to England. For about seven hundred years the Barony of Kinderton was held by a Venables, or until the last baron died without a male heir. And while there have been many branches of the family, in none could I find an Abraham upon which one might conjecture the origin of the Virginia emigrant, Abraham Venables.—J. J. C.

6706. PENN. HOLDER—John Holder was with Boone and Callaway in the troubles with the Indians in Kentucky, and with General Clark at Vincennes. He married Fanny Callaway, daughter of Colonel Richard Callaway. His mother was a Penn. He had a sister who was married to Zachary Penn. A daughter of this marriage, Catherine Penn, married John Holder, Jr. Poyer's "History of Barbados," gives John Holder, member of assembly for St. Joseph's parish, in 1681 and 1706, and later, Colonel John Holder, treasurer of the island; William Holder, member of assembly for St. James's parish, in 1681 and 1704, and Speaker of the assembly. The Penn connection I am unable to trace. The information necessary, to complete or extend these family histories, is not for marketable purposes or for pecuniary benefit to the writer.—J. J. C.

6707. BENTLY. CARD—Sarah, daughter of Benjamin Card, married in Exeter, December 24, 1769, Nathaniel Bentley. Who were his parents? Would like names of their issue, etc.—L. C.

6708. ALLEN. CARD.—Sally, daughter of Peleg Card, died at No. Kingstown, R. I., 12/30, 1865, the widow of—— Allen. Who was her husband? Who were his parents? Would like names of issue.—L. C.

6709. JOHNSON. CARD—Elizabeth, daughter of Elisha Card, born at Voluntown, Conn., 8, 14, 1795, married Eben Johnson. Issue: Sanford Johnson. They lived for some time at Warrenburgh, N. Y. Who were Eben's parents? What was the date of Eben's marriage? Would like dates of death of both.—L. C.

6710. SIMPSON. CARD—Patty, daughter of Richard Card, of Middletown, R. I., married Richard Simpson of Newport, 9, 4, 1791. Whose son was he? Would like names of children.—L. C.

6711. BAKER. CARD—Frances, daughter of Richard Card, of Middletown, R. I., married Nathan Baker, of Middletown, 12, 22, 1796. Who were his parents? Would like names of Baker, Card issue. Were Patty and Frances sisters? Who were their parents?—L. C.

6712. BARKER—Would like full dates of birth, marriage and death of James Willard Barker, sometimes called Joshua, of Kingstown, R. I., born 1778 died 1812, married when? His wife was Martha Perry, born 1785, died 1869. Would like full dates.—F. M. B.

6713. PERRY—Would like full dates of birth, marriage and death of Dr. Joshua Perry, of So. Kingstown, R. I.; born 1756, died 1801, married Mary Peckham, 1780. When was she born? She died 1803. Would like full date.—F. M. B.

6714. HAZARD. PERRY—Would like full dates of birth, marriage and death of Freeman Perry, father of Joshua, born 1738, died 1813, married 1755 Mercy Hazard, born 1740 died 1810. What were the full dates of her birth and death?—F. M. B.

PORTSMOUTH.

Miss Mary Ann Tallman.

(Bristol Phenix.)

Miss Mary Ann Tallman died Friday morning about 9.40 o'clock at the home of her brother, Frederick U. Tallman, 92 Franklin street. A paralytic shock was the cause of her death. She had had several previous attacks of the malady, and had been in feeble health for several years.

Miss Tallman was born in Portsmouth, R. I., Feb. 8, 1840, and consequently her age was 70 years, 3 months and 21 days. She was a daughter of the late Benjamin and Sarah Ann (Dennis) Tallman, a well known family of Portsmouth. Her father was prominently identified with the Masons and Odd Fellows of that town, and was a charter member of both organizations. He was much interested in religious work and was an active member of the Portsmouth Methodist Church. He was an inventor of fishing traps. He died on Oct. 9, 1883, and Mrs. Tallman died on Dec. 24, 1891.

Miss Tallman, who was one of a family of 11 children, was much devoted to her parents, caring for them tenderly in their declining years. Upon the death of her parents Miss Tallman came to Bristol, and resided with her brother during the winter months and spent the summer at the old homestead in Portsmouth. Of late years, however, when her health failed, she resided permanently with her brother here.

While not a member she attended the Methodist Church both at Portsmouth and in this town, and possessed many Christian characteristics.

She is survived by five brothers, John Wesley, Elijah Lovejoy, Ex-Senator Benjamin and William Thales Tallman, of Portsmouth, and Frederic Upham Tallman of this town, and two sisters, Mrs. William F. Freeborn of Portsmouth, and Mrs. Sarah C. Babcock of Wakefield, R. I., besides several nephews and nieces.

The oldest brother, Reuben Ransom Tallman, died several years ago in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

The funeral, which was largely attended, took place at 12 o'clock, noon, Monday. Rev. John McVay, pastor of the State street M. E. Church, officiated. There was a profusion of beautiful flowers. The bearers were the four brothers of the deceased. Interment was in the family lot at Portsmouth.

WORK OF A MANIAC

Hurls Missile at Head of German Crown Prince and Hits Policeman

Berlin, June 2.—A Polish Jew attempted to kill Crown Prince Frederick William while the latter rode at the head of the Grenadier Guards in the annual review at Tempelhof field.

The would-be assassin was subsequently identified as Abraham Fierweiss. He was captured after a struggle and doctors who examined him say that he is violently insane. That he does not belong to any organized band of conspirators was shown by the weapon that he used, a large zinc pot which had been filled with beans. He hurled the weapon with terrific force, however, and it narrowly missed the head of the crown prince.

The missile struck the head of a policeman who stood at salute nearby and cut a deep gash in his head.

The crown prince was the representative at the review of the kaiser, who was unable to attend because of the abscess on his wrist.

WAR ON RATE INCREASE

Wickersham Will Ask Federal Courts For an Injunction

Washington, June 1.—President Taft has instructed Attorney General Wickersham to bring an injunction suit against twenty-five railroads in the middle west which have served notice upon the interstate commerce commission of an intention to increase freight rates, beginning today.

The suit for injunction will assert that the railroads have entered a combination in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law and that the facts indicate that the new rates are the result of a combination clearly in disregard of the provisions of the law. It is expected that there will be a big legal battle.

A Chair of Quality.

Genuine Leather Slip Seat.

It would hardly pay us to advertise this chair were it not distinctly of superior value the special Titus price. And even at that, our main purpose is to call attention to the splendidly large assortment we always carry in stock.

This store means to be truly helpful no matter how little you pay---hence this offering in

Fine Selected Quartered Oak.

You may judge a trifle of its strength and durability by the superior quality of the oak. Observe the gradual out-stand of the legs and how firmly they rest upon the floor. With it one is safe for years to come. To match it there is a commodious arm chair at $6.30. Both chairs have a real leather slip seat.

$3.60

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Carr's List.

THE AUTOMOBILE BLUE BOOK FOR 1910 NOW READY.
THE WILD OLIVE, By the Author of The Inner Shrine.
THE ROSARY, By Florence L. Barclay.
MARY CARY, By Kate Langley Bosher.
THE SONG OF SONGS, By Hermann Sudermann.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

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140 THAMES STREET.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, May 28th, 1910.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of JOHN J. HARRINGTON, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

5-28-3w MARY V. HARRINGTON.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Newport, March 10th, A. D. 1910.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 35344, issued out of the District Court of the 6th Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Providence, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1910, and returnable to the said Court April 12th, A. D. 1910, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 6th day of January, A. D. 1910, in favor of The American Bottling Corporation, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Rhode Island, and having a place of business in the City of Providence, in said State, plaintiff, and against Peter Cappuccilli, alias Pietro Cappuccilli alias John Doe of Newport, defendant, I have this day at 30 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Peter Cappuccilli alias, had on the 20th day of December, A. D. 1909, at 55 minutes past 10 o'clock a. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Westerly, on Thames street, 48 feet; Northerly, on land of Patrick H. Horgan, 65 feet; Easterly, on land late of Robert Stevenson, deceased, 48 feet, and Southerly, on Holland street, 65 feet. He the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 14th day of June, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING
5-21-1w Deputy Sheriff.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Notice to Registry Voters.

All persons who are required to register their names in order to vote in this city during the present year are reminded that they must register in person at the City Clerk's Office, before 9 p. m., Thursday, June 30, 1910.

The office is open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., daily and for the accommodation of those who cannot attend in the day time, it will be open evenings as follows:

Wednesday, June 1; Saturday, June 4; Monday, June 6; Wednesday, June 8; Saturday, June 11; Monday, June 13; Wednesday, June 15; Saturday, June 18; Monday, June 20 and on every evening from Wednesday, June 22 (except Sundays.)

The Deputy City Clerk will be at the First Ward Room, Friday, June 10; at the Second Ward Room, Tuesday, June 14; at the Third Ward Room, Thursday, June 16; at the Fourth Ward Room, Friday, June 17; at the Fifth Ward Room, Tuesday, June 21.

F. N. FULLERTON,
5-28-5w City Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Probate Court of the City of Newport.—At a Session of said Court holden at Newport in and for said City of Newport, on the Twenty-third day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and ten, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

ON THE PETITION of John A. Grablewski, of said Newport, in said State, praying that his name may be changed to that of John A. Grable, it appearing that the reasons given therefor are sufficient and consistent with the public interest and being satisfactory to the Court, and no objection being made:

IT IS DECREED that his name be changed, as prayed for, to that of John A. Grable, which name he shall hereafter bear, and which shall be his legal name, and that by such name he shall be entitled to all the rights and privileges and be subject to all the duties and liabilities he would have been subject to had his name not been changed, and that he give public notice of said change by publishing this decree once in each week for three successive weeks in the *Newport Mercury*, a newspaper published in said Newport, and make return to this Court under oath that such notice has been given.

Entered as decree by order of the Court.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.
A true copy. Attest:
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.
Newport, May 28th, 1910—3w

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

To HANNAH M. PECK, and all other persons interested in the premises:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by said Hannah M. Peck to Henry G. Anthony, dated October 31st, A. D. 1898, and recorded in Tiverton, R. I., Registry of Deeds book 42, pages 188-193, and for breach of the conditions in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction on the premises on

MONDAY, June 20th, 1910,

at 11 o'clock a. m., the premises described in said mortgage deed as follows, viz.:

A certain lot or tract of land situate in said Tiverton and bounded and described as follows, viz.: Northerly by land of Thomas Kirkpatrick; Easterly and Southerly by land of Sarah C. Manchester, and Westerly by the Town Hall road and containing what it may. It being the same land conveyed to me by Esther J. Manchester by deed dated Sept. 23d, A. D. 1889, and recorded in the Land Records of Tiverton, R. I., Book 34, Folio 340 and 347, to which deed reference may be made for a more particular description.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and assessments whatsoever.

Terms made known at sale.

HENRY C. ANTHONY,
6-28-4w Mortgagee.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

NOTICE.

ALL Hackney Carriage Licenses, Hackney Carriage Driver's Licenses, Wagon Licenses and Wagon Driver's Licenses now in force under the provisions of Chapters 36 and 37 of the Ordinances of this City will expire on May 31, 1910.

All persons desiring any of the above mentioned licenses for the year beginning with the first Monday in May, 1910, will make application therefor at the office of the Chief of Police, on or before May 2nd, 1910, that the same may be considered by the Board of Aldermen at the meeting of the said Board to be held May 2d, 1910.

By order of
JAMES R. CROWLEY,
4-30-5t Chief of Police.

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5-2-1t

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists:

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

5-22 tf

JUST PUBLISHED

Webster's NEW INTERNATIONAL Dictionary, (G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.) surpasses the old International as much as that book exceeded its predecessor. On the old foundation a new superstructure has been built. The reconstruction has been carried on through many years by a large force of trained workers, under the supervision of Dr. W. T. Harris, former United States Commissioner of Education, and reenforced by many eminent specialists. The definitions have been rearranged and amplified. The number of terms defined has been more than doubled. The etymology, synonyms, pronunciation, have received unsparing scholarly labor. The language of English literature for over seven centuries, the terminology of the arts and sciences, and the every-day speech of street, shop, and household, are presented with fullness and clearness. In size of vocabulary, in richness of general information, and in convenience of consultation, the book sets a new mark in lexicography.

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